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THERE IS NO SUCH WORD as defeat in the lexicon of those who are determined to stop child labor in the United States. The federal amendment will not pass this year—that is all that has been determined. To become law it must be ratified by the legislatures of thirty-six States. Three States have blazed the forward trail—Arkansas, California, and Arizona. In Montana, as in New Mexico, one house of the legislature has approved and the other has not yet acted. In thirteen States unfavorable action has been taken. These are Delaware, Georgia, Kansas, Louisiana, Massachusetts, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, and Washington. But whereas a State once ratifying ratifies for all time, a State refusing to ratify may at any time reconsider. A temporary wave of reaction has checked the progress of the amendment, but the American people have a conscience on questions of this sort which will yet assert itself.

AIRPLANES AND ESKIMO DOGS racing across the barren snow to carry antitoxin to the diphtheria-stricken people of Nome—what could be more stirring? One recalls John Muir's poignant description of his landing, forty odd years ago, on an Alaskan island where once had been a prosperous village and finding nothing but skeletons and dead bodies. That was starvation, but plagues have wiped out cities as thoroughly. And then rises the vision of a less spectacular but even more thrilling race—the race of science against sickness. When John Muir landed on that island of death there was no antitoxin known which could stay the ravages of diphtheria. Thirty years ago the antitoxin was first put into general use; within five years the death rate from diphtheria in the registration area of the United States was cut in half. Since then it has been reduced to one-eighth of what it was in 1895; and if ignorance and inertia did not stand in the way it would be lower still. Nome should never have entered upon a winter without a fresh supply of antitoxin. Medicine had solved its puzzle, but the answer was not heeded.

WE CONFESS to being puzzled by the attitude of Attorney General Stone in the Wheeler case. While his appearance on the stand was not as illuminating or as impressive as the daily press would have it, we cannot question his sincerity or honesty. Yet the fact remains that the department of which Mr. Stone is the head has deliberately ignored the repeated requests of Senator Wheeler and his counsel for an immediate trial; that no less than four investigations have been undertaken by the government in addition to the one headed by Senator Borah which declared Mr. Wheeler entirely innocent; that the whole power of the legal arm of the government seems concentrated upon this man as if he were one of the vilest offenders, whereas ex-Secretary Fall is not yet on trial and his case has not progressed beyond a demurrer. If half the zeal and energy were being given to the oil cases, it seems to us, that is being bestowed upon Senator Wheeler greater results than this could have been achieved. Again, there was put into the record a letter from the district attorney who was conducting the prosecution in Montana which showed such obvious bias and hostility to the Senator that he should have been removed from the case at once. All in all, we must question whether Mr. Stone has not been imposed upon by the appointees of Daugherty, who still infest his department. As it is Mr. Stone will be confirmed for the Supreme Court, but the mystery of the prosecution of Wheeler, and Mr. Stone's personal excitement about the case, will apparently remain unsolved.

THE CONVICTION of Colonel Charles R. Forbes, formerly head of the Veterans' Bureau, for conspiracy to defraud the government while in that office is said to have come as a surprise to those who had been present at the trial in Chicago. If so, it must have been because the government failed to make as convincing a case as had been hoped on the basis of the particular act chosen for its prosecution. The trial rested on a charge that Colonel Forbes had accepted $5,000 within the district of Northern Illinois in connection with contracts for soldiers' hospitals. So far as Colonel Forbes's guilt is concerned, there has been scant doubt of it since a congressional investigation un-

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rolled a story of political debauchery which for sordid corruption has no rival in all our ugly pages of war scandal. An appeal has been taken, alleging illegality by the government in obtaining evidence. If the conviction should be overturned for this reason, there is ample evidence for another trial.

EUROPE HAS PUT in a busy week. In France Herriot's proposal to abolish the French Embassy at the Vatican, leaving only a chargé to deal with Alsace affairs, was ratified by a turbulent Chamber. In Italy the leaders of the Piedmont Fascisti, led by the former Fascist High Commissioner of Railroads, Eduardo Torre, broke from Mussolini. In Germany the Luther Cabinet was shaken to its roots by revelations of grants to the Ruhr industrialists, totaling nearly a billion gold marks, secretly made late in December. And at the other end of the continent Turkey and Greece are making faces at each other. The Turks utilized the agreement for the exchange of populations to deport the Greek patriarch with what seems to have been deliberate discourtesy, although the procedure was probably legal. At Geneva the opium wrangle has continued. China and Egypt are actively supporting the American position; Persia and Turkey are sympathetic; but the opposition of the British India Office and the colonial Powers still threatens to condemn the meetings to futility.

A GLANCE THROUGH the newspapers of 1919 brings the blush of optimism to the most pessimistic cheek. With amazing frankness the headlines interpreted the spirit of the day:

> Belgium Seeks to Get Luxembourg
> Blockade in Russia to be Reimposed
> Serbians Demand Portion of Banat
> Allies Ready to Compel Turks to Accept Treaty
> Permanent Right to Left Bank of Rhine Avowed for France
> Japan Gets Lion Share of War Spoil
> Italy Wants Larger Share

Confidence in prophets as well as in progress is revived by such a glance at old papers. Early in 1919 Mr. Garvin was preaching in the London *Observer* the economics of a sound peace. Yet we had to go through four years of impossible ultimatums before even the Dawes Plan was possible. Will it take four more years of nationalistic fireworks before the question of inter-allied debts can be discussed in friendly conference?

SO TROTZKY IS OUT—a sick man, stripped of his official positions, attacked from almost every quarter, retiring to the Caucasus. It is a rather melancholy spectacle, and it does not augur well for Russia. For, in the first place, it indicates a continuance of the bitter intolerance which was a natural accompaniment of the revolution and the war against an attacking world; and in the second place, Trotzky's supple genius is not lightly to be dispensed with. He understood better than Zinoviev, for instance, the attitude of the outside world. Economically Russia is by reluctant steps approaching the methods of the capitalist world; and the active sympathy which liberals throughout the world gave her, in the days when she was actively disestablishing the profit-making system and was warding off the venomous attacks of the capitalist world, is ebbing. The excommunication of Trotzky will convince many that a substantial core of truth lies behind the obviously exaggerated stories of indecent political persecution in the Soviet Republic. Russia, with her history of centuries of despotism, is not likely to adopt the Western forms of democracy at once if at all; but the form of dictatorship is bound to be modified. The Bolsheviks should be able to endure differences of opinion more easily; a skilful dictator bends without waiting for storms to break. Perhaps the amnesty to Wrangel and Denikin supporters, just announced by Premier Rykov, marks the beginning of a change.

WHAT PRICE FREEDOM? The Dominican Republic, after eight years in which American marines had usurped all the functions of its government, was restored to the glory of "independence" last autumn, and this new status was solemnly consecrated by admission to the League of Nations. Now that the treaty has been ratified by the Senate, and the injunction of secrecy removed therefrom, one may guess at the price. One of the whereases introducing the treaty reads as follows:

> Although the Dominican Republic has never delegated authority to any foreign Power to legislate for it, still it understands that the internal interests of the republic require the validation or ratification of several of the executive orders and resolutions, published in the *Official Gazette*, as well as the administrative regulations and contracts of the Military Government celebrated by virtue of said orders or of any law of the republic; and on its part the United States considers that it is also to its interest that said acts be validated or ratified. . . .

There follows a list of "several of the executive orders and resolutions" and "administrative regulations and contracts." The texts are not given. The list of them fills three pages of the *Congressional Record* and includes:

> 593 executive orders;
> 65 departmental resolutions;
> 34 departmental orders;
> 26 water titles;
> 6 international treaties;
> a sanitary code;
> a treasury circular;
> 41 treasury contracts, including the Lee, Higginson loan of $6,700,000;
> 11 other departmental contracts; and
> the bond issues of 1918 and 1922.

It sounds like a good price.

IS THERE AN AMERICAN EMPIRE? Are we imperialistic? Ask the University of the State of New York. It has no doubts. One of the questions in its two hundred and thirty-second high-school examination paper in American history, dated January 20, 1925, read as follows: "State the chief steps in the growth of the United States as an empire outside the mainland of North America. Explain how we gained control of one of the parts of our empire."

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE on the Causes and Cures of War, which met in Washington in January, made good news from the beginning; but its temper and composition were more interesting than the noted men and women who addressed it. It was markedly pro-League in its sentiment but quite ready to commit itself to other proposals to end war—disarmament, "international conferences on world resources, the distribution of materials, and the

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establishment of commercial and industrial codes," and the outlawry of war. For a group of national women's organizations including not one peace society to take such a stand is impressive. These women may, through their influence, make peace respectable and the war spirit unpopular in a thousand cities and small towns throughout the country.

THAT THE THIRTY-FOUR SPEAKERS included only seven women is less encouraging. The delegates were obviously modest in their ideas of the share women can take in the fight for peace: "Five million women," speaking through their delegates, did not mention the lack of participation by women in government as even a contributing factor in the persistence of imperialistic policies. A question to one of the speakers brought up the discrimination against women in the American consular and diplomatic services. The speaker politely hoped for the time when discrimination would cease; at present women might be acceptable in such positions in the Northern European countries but would not "command the respect necessary" in the Latin nations. "Five million women" also, through their delegates, urged United States adherence to the World Court and did not hint at the desirability of women in that court, now consisting of fifteen men. No one discussed the possibility of women members of the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations. Organization and education are the terms in which the conference thought of women's activities toward peace, and even the most militant utterance, the prophecy of a "crusade" in the event that our government fail to change its attitude toward the League, savored of days when women were legally outsiders in politics.

A GROUP OF CHINESE STUDENTS at Yale-in-China have refused to study the Bible. In China a demand for freedom in the matter of religious instruction is regarded as a sign of bolshevism. But there may be more significance to the threat of these students to transfer to Southwestern University, Nanking. The China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation has announced that next year a grant of $125,000 will be made to that university and a similar sum to Nankai College in Tientsin. These two colleges are entirely Chinese in tradition and in management. Such a move on the part of a powerful foundation has a meaning for all American colleges in China; it might mean the beginning of that new Orient of which we have talked so much. As the *Christian Century* says:

> Chinese educators have proved their ability to develop a type of collegiate education that is considered by the dispassionate experts in the Rockefeller employ to hold out as much promise as the education to be received in schools under Western direction and control. . . . And it further makes clear that the alleged necessity of leaving schools of high rank under Western command may not be such a necessity after all.

THE *EDITOR AND PUBLISHER* calls our attention to the fact that in discussing last week the meeting of the new American Society of Newspaper Editors we overlooked the fact that the society had moved in the case of the charges brought against one of its members in connection with the oil scandals—this despite the fact that we three times read the reports of the Committees on Ethics and the Integrity of the Press in which to our surprise we found no reference to this flagrant case. We hasten to advise our readers that in another article in the *Editor and Publisher* it was set forth that the Committee on Ethical Standards had filed a report on this case with the directors, and that with the aid and advice of competent counsel the charge has been laid before the Denver member. The president reports that "the board has moved with careful deliberation in this matter because it is treading an untried road, because it wishes to be both right and just, because it is responsible for the welfare of this society and will not endanger it by haste." We cannot quarrel with this position. If the society in good faith proceeds steadfastly to deal with this case and deal radically with it, it will not only thereby justify its existence but will strike a most effective blow for the integrity of the press of America. All power to it!

THOSE WHO FEAR for the future of a free—that is, a beautiful and important—literature in the United States will find their alarm increased if they read a copy of the new "Clean Books Bill" now before the New York State Senate. The very title of the bill, begging as it does the question what kind of book is unclean, is a fallacy in logic and an insult to art. The contents are more pernicious. Censorship of books and magazines, already in too flourishing a state, would—if the bill were passed—come wholly into its own. Whereas the present laws against "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, and disgusting" literature have been such that the Supreme Court could construe them as not applying to books the whole tenor of which is "clean," however objectionable to prudes certain portions might be, the new measure stipulates that any portion of a book may be taken as basis for action, and that "no opinion or expert testimony shall be received on any hearing." In short, it will be possible for any dirty-minded reader, working through a cheap lawyer before an unwary judge, to kill any book on the ground that it contains a word or a sentence offensive to his personal and perhaps unique taste. Last year three excellent books on the list of one unprosperous publisher were saved from annihilation because it could be established that as wholes they were not obscene—the parts in question were not argued, though they might have been. Is the last safeguard now to disappear? Not, perhaps, if enough telegrams and letters of protest reach Albany before this barbarous bill comes up for vote.

GEORGE W. CABLE, dead at eighty-one, was a distinguished American novelist not because he exploited Louisiana life in the ordinary local colorist's fashion but because, transcending that fashion, he anticipated the critical spirit which in the present generation is inspiring something better than a narrowly national literature. Developing from a youthful reporter on the New Orleans *Picayune* into a writer of local fiction, he at first was little more than charming and quaint; but with "The Grandissimes" and "The Creoles of Louisiana" he struck fire out of the South by his gentle ridicule of Creole provincialism and by his charge that the Negro had been oppressed during reconstruction days. It became uncomfortable for him to remain in New Orleans, and he moved in 1884 to New England, where the rest of his life was spent in lecturing and writing. During his last dozen years he little more than existed for the American public at large. At Northampton, however, he performed a remarkable service to the new generation by administering the People's Institute, devoted to the education of wage-earners.

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A Party Perforce

VICTOR BERGER, the Socialist Representative from Wisconsin, had a good deal of justified fun with his fellow-Congressmen from that State in the House of Representatives last week. He pointed out that last summer they were all for a new party, but that now they resented being kicked out of the Republican Party, and, Congressman Frear in particular, were quite ready to reassert their party fealty and, as Mr. Berger put it, to kiss the elephant's tail in order thereby to win forgiveness.

Mr. Berger is on strong ground. Being a party by himself he has nothing to lose or to gain. He is accustomed to standing alone and to being denounced and ostracized and expelled. The case of the Wisconsin Republicans is not so easy. They have been accustomed to persuading themselves that they are the Republican Party and that the other Republicans are usurpers, or rather betrayers of historic Republicanism. They control the party machinery in their State and they therefore remain Republican even if they vote for some other Presidential candidate than the one named by the Republican national convention. Having before them the historic Roosevelt precedent, when no one who supported the Colonel was cast into outer darkness, they feel aggrieved because they are now being disciplined, barred from the party caucus, and threatened with the withdrawal of other rights and privileges. Since they are now to be registered, if the Republican leadership has its way, as independents and not as Republicans, it begins to look as if they were going to be compelled to flock by themselves and be a third party by force.

We confess to being both amused and pleased by the situation. There were too many office-holders in the La Follette campaign that felt as did one who was heard to assure another "At least we have nothing personally to lose." If the cause was worth fighting for, they should all have been willing to lose something, to make personal sacrifices for it. The idea that if they lost they could go on as before savors entirely too much of "heads I win, tails you lose." We do not blame the Republicans if they want to get rid of men who called the Republican Party a gang of political rascals in league with Wall Street, and we can well understand that the Democrats feel aggrieved at having on their list a Senator who repeatedly portrayed the Democracy as the tool of special privilege and John W. Davis as one of Wall Street's "Gold Dust Twins." Being merely New York editors, with no political careers at stake, we cannot quite agree with those who wish both to hunt with the hounds and to run with the hares. We have unequivocally burned our bridges and we supposed that others who declared that they were through with both parties meant it. The Farmer-Labor Senators, to be sure, are, like Mr. Berger, truly independent; they cannot be accused by anybody of party disloyalty. But others are too vacillating for us.

All of which brings us to the matter of the Chicago convention on February 22, called by the Council for Progressive Political Action to decide whether a third party shall be definitely organized or whether there will be a return to the policy of attempting to control Congress by voting for progressive candidates whatever their political labels. In the three months since election several things have become clear: If the new party is organized it will be by individuals rather than by groups. The unions as such will drop out, although such of their leaders as wish to go along will be free to do so in their individual capacity. There will be, we take it, no effort to organize an exclusive labor party. American labor is not yet ready for it—that everybody knows and has known for a long time. Too many of the present leaders are on the pay rolls of the old parties; too many of them are lacking a political philosophy and are bent merely upon following in the footsteps of Gompers to achieve higher wages and immediate benefits; too many worship false economic gods and believe in the forced increase of jobs and the limitation of apprentices. The day of the organization of a labor party as such is far off. That fact conceals no discouragement for liberals. The new party must, if it comes into being in Chicago, be organized along the old individualistic lines, but it should so earn the support of organized labor by a sound economic program that no free and unfettered workingman can fail to support it.

As for the Socialists, the question before them is whether they will merge their identity in the new party or not. We can see no hope for a Socialist Party in America. Socialistic measures will be adopted in America not because of acceptance of a philosophy but because that is the trend of the times, because economic compulsion is taking us in that direction—witness the socialistic schemes advocated by Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York and the so-called "socialist rent law" now being urged by President Coolidge for the District of Columbia. We write these words with full realization of the difficulty of agreeing upon what is and what is not socialism, so clearly demonstrated by those who call the child-labor amendment "socialism" and "bolshevism." We are without any desire to sponsor socialism as such. But members of the present Socialist Party also have much difficulty in defining their principles, and many of them can and do find in such a liberal platform as Mr. La Follette's at least a temporary resting-place.

With these opinions we can only reiterate our hope that the coming Chicago convention will go ahead with the organizing of a new party even though its leaders are convinced that in doing so they are entering upon a long, long fight and will find the immediate future a day of very small things. A long educational campaign is inevitable. Senators Wheeler and La Follette will, we assume, encourage such a move. They were unequivocal in their denunciation of both the old parties, and they gave repeated assurances that their revolt was not a flash in the pan but was to last until the money-changers were driven out of the temple of our government. The needs at Chicago are clear: A straightforward program, brave and honest leadership, and a direct appeal to all laborers by hand or brain who believe in a better and nobler America. The future will then take care of itself. If we are reminded that this will not provide great leaders at once, we answer that they will appear if the doctrines are sound and the cause just.

Let the outlawed Wisconsin Republicans take heart. They are a new party whether they will it or no. They represent something different from Eastern Republicanism, and they ought to be proud of it.

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Japan, Defender of the East

BEHIND the new Japanese-Russian treaty lies far more than a mere diplomatic recognition. It marks a stage in the alliance of East against West. Soviet Russia, rebuffed in the West, turns to the East; and Japan, also rejected by that West which she has too successfully aped, returns to the role of defender of the Orient. It is an amazing step.

Events have moved rapidly since Versailles. There Japan, strong in her alliance with England and fortified by the secret treaties among the Allies, insisted upon holding her pound of Chinese flesh. Bitter anti-Japanese feeling swept China; the Chinese representatives at the Peace Conference refused to sign the treaty. Japan was unpopular everywhere. In Siberia too she was playing the role of open imperialist. Her armies in front of Vladivostok were expanded far beyond what the anti-Bolshevik crusade required, and the Nikolaievsk affair was utilized as an excuse to maintain possession of the Russian half of the rich island of Sakhalin.

Japanese policy, however, has shrewdly modified itself to fit the changing times. Japan is ceasing to appear to the East as just one more of the exploiting capitalist Powers; she has changed her tone toward China and Siberia, and plays the part of protecting friend. She has withdrawn her armies from Siberia; she has evacuated Shantung; and now she is again confounding the cynics by agreeing to withdraw her troops from northern Sakhalin next spring. The English alliance gone, Japan has made friends with the one Power which has consistently denounced and opposed exploitation of China by alien Powers. Finally, at the opium conferences, she has consistently supported China and opposed the colonial Powers of the West.

All this, of course, gives Japan a new preeminence in the East, and one may be sure that she will make the most of it. There was a time when China turned instinctively to the United States, sure that we at least were a disinterested friend. Mr. Hughes's policy has lost us that reputation, and the Japanese are intelligently working to replace us. The readiness of our State Department to protest and demand compensation every time a trader or missionary was waylaid in some lonely part of China—well knowing that the country was in a state of anarchy and civil war—has not increased our stature in the countries of the East. The dozen American warships off the port of Shanghai have seemed to be more concerned to protect every American dollar invested there than with the fate of China. And indeed, so far as one can judge Mr. Hughes's attitude, the sanctity of American property rights is his primary interest. Compare with his rigidity the recent statement of the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Shidehara, to the Imperial Diet:

> The Chinese people must be left free to order their own national life in their own way. The pacification and unification of China is a tremendous task. Because the work is not yet completed it would be an unwarranted inference to conclude that the Chinese people are not fully endowed with the gift of character needed for self-government. In no case can we accept any plan based on these mistaken promises to place the Chinese railways and administrative organs under international control. . . .

Cooperation with Russia will further strengthen Japan's moral preeminence in the East. It is easy, in Washington or in Paris, to sneer at Soviet policy in the Far East, but it is not so easy to argue away its effect. To China it has appeared as a unique example of international generosity. Soviet Russia spurned the special privileges which the Czar's agents had forced out of the weak Chinese Government. Her citizens in China are no longer protected by extraterritoriality; they are judged by Chinese judges, and take the same chances as the Chinese themselves. Russia has annulled the old treaties, and agreed to settle all questions "on the basis of equality, reciprocity, and justice." She has raised her Peking Legation to the rank of an embassy, and the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Karakhan, today outranks all the European and American ministers. His respect for Chinese traditions, his speeches in behalf of Chinese independence, have had a profound influence upon the growingly important body of university students in China.

So today Japan and Russia stand ostentatiously as the friends of China. Mr. Hughes's unbending opposition to Soviet Russia, his rigidity regarding the "rights" of Americans in China, and the open hostility of our Congress to Japan (with which Mr. Hughes had nothing to do) have combined to array us against these Powers, and consequently, to many minds, against China in her struggle for liberation. We appear no longer as a special protector, but simply as one of a group of rich exploiting Powers. The new alignment is heavy with possibilities.

A Damaged Panacea

MORE than three years ago *The Nation* referred to the company-union system as applied in the mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company as a "damaged panacea." John D. Rockefeller, Jr., replied, insisting that the men approved the system. Felix Pogliano, secretary-treasurer of District No. 15 of the United Mine Workers of America, thereupon reported, in *The Nation* for November 15, 1922, that a representative of the federal Department of Labor had polled the Rockefeller miners in 1919 and found them practically unanimous against the plan. He added:

> Representatives of the Russell Sage Foundation made an extensive investigation of mines in 1919-20. They promised an interesting report of their findings, but for some reason or other I have never heard of its being published. Why?

The federal report has never been published. We do not know why. The Russell Sage Foundation has at last, in 1925, published the report of its study begun five years ago, and it agrees that the plan has not achieved either the industrial peace or the industrial constitutionalism which were its avowed aims. This report asserts that

> The "employees' representatives" are men who work in the mines and who do not feel free to act in opposition to the company's interest in defense of fellow-employees; that employees are not making full use of the plan even for the presentation of grievances; that in actual practice the employees' representatives have no share in decisions concerning reported grievances.

More significant still is its statement

> That the issue of trade unionism versus employees' representation is kept constantly alive by the company's refusal to permit union meetings in any building in the camps owned by the company (and all of the buildings are owned by the company), by other frequent instances of antagonism to unions, and by the company's policy of accepting

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the wage scale of its competitors which has actually been set by unionized companies through negotiations with the United Mine Workers of America, while refusing itself to deal in any way with the miners' union.

Company officials have stated that since the introduction of the plan in 1915 unbroken peace had reigned in Colorado. This is simply untrue. The Sage report tells the story of strikes in the Rockefeller mines in 1919, 1921, and 1922.

Only an extreme regard for accuracy and fairness delayed this Sage report upon the Rockefeller plan. It is one of a series of studies of various attempts to establish "wage-earners' partnership in management." The Rockefeller plan was selected because it was the first permanent experiment in establishing a program of representation for employees, and because it was a forerunner of a type of company-controlled shop committee or works' council which, multiplying during the war, today exists in more than a thousand industrial establishments. The foundation sent one of its experienced investigators, B. M. Selekman, to Colorado in the winter of 1919-20. He spent five months there, visiting each mining community once, some of them six times, talking with miners and company and State officials. Copies of his preliminary report were sent to Mr. Rockefeller, to J. F. Welborn, the president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and to William Green, then secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America. The representatives of the company questioned the accuracy of some of the statements, and disagreed as to the interpretation of many of them. After consultation with Mr. Rockefeller's office, the foundation sent the director of its department of industrial studies, Mary Van Kleeck, to Colorado. She spent six consecutive days with the officials of the company, read and discussed every paragraph in Mr. Selekman's report, and visited twenty-three of the company's mines. After completing her inquiries, she had a final conference with the company's officials at Denver, a verbatim stenographic report (which filled 445 typewritten pages) being taken of these discussions. The first report was then revised and again submitted to officers of the union and to officials of the company. The latter still maintained their objections. One would like to know what happened at the numerous conferences held by the staff members of the Sage Foundation with Mr. Rockefeller and his associates. At any rate the foundation has continued its study; the footnotes carry the history of the Rockefeller plan into the year 1924.

Since Dwight Morrow (of J. P. Morgan & Co.), F. A. Delano (the ex-railroad president), Robert W. de Forest, and others of their high type are directors of the foundation, it is fair to assume that every opportunity was given the Rockefeller representatives to verify their objections. A report of this character, however damaging, cannot be dismissed as biased. The fact is that no company-controlled system of industrial representation which ignores the organizations created by the workers themselves will in the long run succeed. The company-union system is intended to forestall unions controlled by the men, to prevent interference by "outside agitators" and union officials who, being paid by the men instead of by the company, cannot be controlled. The organic process of industrial constitutionalism is to be found rather in the needle trades, where the workers, through their own organizations, are assuming a growing share of the responsibilities of industrial management.

What Prize Poem?

THE rule which governs the selection of a prize poem is very simple—or ought to be. Committees in session over piles of manuscript, however, are frequently led into complicated regions of theory and debate. All sorts of reasons rather than the right one are alleged in favor of this or that piece; all sorts of general ideas about poetry are aired in an air already too full of vagueness and doubt. Hence, perhaps, the disrepute into which poetry contests to some extent have fallen. It happens that Mrs. Mary Austin, elsewhere in the present issue of *The Nation*, writes a sentence reflecting this disrepute. Poets are heard to declare that they would be ashamed to win a prize. And the public has become inclined to be just a bit distrustful.

What are the wrong reasons? They are reasons having nothing to do with poetic merit, and by merit in a poem is meant the power to please. In particular they are of two sorts, both of which have to do with theories as to what kind of poem a prize poem ought to be. In the first place, committees are likely to be prejudiced in favor of certain forms and subjects. The poem must be in regular verse, or perhaps in free verse; it must be radical in its sentiment, or perhaps eminently safe; it must be short, or perhaps long; full of faith in democracy and the future, or critical and pessimistic; about love, or not about love; serious, or ironic; in the tradition of Tennyson, or in the tradition of Whitman; it must, in short, be something before it is a poem. In the second place—and this is particularly perilous—committees are likely to think about the opinion the public will express as to their choice. Will the public understand the prize poem at all? And if so, will it like it? Will readers write letters of protest, and will F. P. A. be inspired to remark? The effect of such questions, if raised and discussed, is likely to be a decision upon that poem in the lot which has the fewest obvious faults. The process of elimination is considered to be the safest process—the theory being that all will like what no one will dislike. But this is a theory to which no respectable critic in any art would subscribe for a minute. Max Eastman's distinction between journalism and art is pertinent here, journalism being, in his definition, that which everyone can like a little and art being that which a few can like intensely—and a few dislike intensely. The ignoring of such a distinction by too many committees has brought it about that prize poems, intended for too large and miscellaneous an audience, proverbially are disappointing. From week to week the editors choose what pleases them; annually they tend to choose what they think will please everybody.

The editors of *The Nation* pride themselves upon having kept to the one simple rule governing the selection of a prize poem. They believe that the poems printed in previous years betray no single prejudice in favor of a form or a subject; they guarantee that nothing beyond their instinctive preference has operated to decide their choice. This year they chose Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana because it seemed to them the most passionate and interesting poem which came in—a poem recording through magnificent rhythms a profound and important and beautiful vision of the earth on which afternoons and men have always existed.

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The Merrie Stage in Washington

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, January 31

IF anybody wants a series of really hearty laughs and cannot get them—"Al" Jolson having gone to Florida—let him go to the capital and let him see for himself what is being staged in our historic three-ring circus. If he is liberally inclined, with a sense of humor, he can be guaranteed an entertainment worth ten times the price of admission. Moreover, it is a continuous performance, or will be until Congress adjourns, with new and startling stunts every day. There is ground and lofty tumbling; the clowns are still with us, and the trained elephant is still considerably intoxicated by the electoral spree he indulged in last fall, though it is perfectly plain that he is sobering up after his triumphal celebration faster than some people thought he possibly could. It is the very seriousness with which the actors perform that is so amusing, that stamps their art upon them, one and all. And the scenery is so skilfully arranged and worked that, while it seems as if the performers were advancing rapidly, they are gaining no more ground than did Alice in the caucus race, and thus far no one has pulled any thimbles out of their pockets with which to reward them.

The Merrie Stage in Washington is the first of a group of articles in which the editor of The Nation *will comment on men and things in the political and social life of Washington during the present season. A second article will appear before the end of the month.*

Yet it is not a new show. There is hardly an act which has not been put on many times before. They are merely refurbished. If the same old jokes still please, it is because it is so often the audience that is the victim and not the players. First of all, there is that wonderful display of pork-barrel-turning and log-rolling. Each prominent actor is trying to keep his feet while he revolves his barrel or log under him toward the goal at the end of the canvas. Once more only those succeed who join forces and roll together, simultaneously riding log and barrel like tarlataned equestriennes astride at once a big and a little horse. The nearer the end of the show—it positively must depart for imperative engagements elsewhere on March 4—the more frantic the fun. Just now there is a wonderful contest going on between a barrel marked Cape Cod Canal and another with Illinois Drainage Canal painted upon it. The West, as I write, has the East blocked and, being in quite the most fortunate position, one Medill McCormick, now on his farewell tour, has rolled his big and useful log where the rider of the Massachusetts barrel has got to sue for terms. "If you want to get your barrel through to the goal, vote for my log."

Generally, however, it is impossible to distinguish individuals or note the names on barrels, so rapid is the action, so quick the players, so entangled the whole scene, like logs revolving fruitlessly in a mill pond. The spectators are simply uproarious. Take it not on my word. Here is the theatrical critic of the staid Washington *Star*, house-organ of the District of Columbia:

> With the conclusion of the long fight over the postal pay and rate bill the Senate worked itself late yesterday into a legislative impasse, reaching the point where it was even unable to add on a resolution to provide reviewing-stands for the inauguration of President Coolidge. Objections, some more or less vehement roll-calls, and speeches followed each other in quick succession. Senators joined the galleries in the amusement the situation afforded. Senator Borah . . . finally pointed a way out with a motion for an executive session.

In other words, the audience, red in the face over the Senatorial antics, was dismissed; the actors recovered their composure and their cues and their breath behind closed doors.

If that was an hilarious bit of slapstick to do the President out of his reviewing-stands, it was no funnier than the fact that while the Senate was passing its postal-pay bill the House of Representatives was serving notice that it would flatly and completely reject this measure and would even refuse to go to conference upon it because the Senatorial actors had exceeded their power and stolen the parts and privileges of their fellow-actors in the House. The Constitution, just rescued from the threatened and naughty embrace of Robert M. La Follette, had suffered violence at the hands of the marauders of the Senate—they dared to originate a money bill when theirs is no such power. So the audience once more roars with joy and it is surely all the funnier because the postal employees, lean and hungry serfs, are bilked again—they stand in the wings made up like so many rubes, born to be fleeced at a county fair. Is it not part of every comedy to laugh at the misfortunes of others upon whom the gods have not looked with favor?

But even that is not the funniest act of this unsurpassed show. No ancient Greek comedians ever played like these Senators in a little sketch entitled "Whose Dam Is Yours?" What irony, what sarcasm, what lifting the mirror high to life, what dextrous and delicate interchange of parts! Never a smile, never a suggestion of levity; all so smooth and simple, with the smooth simplicity of greatness. The dams are Muscle Shoals and that proposed for the Colorado River canyon; the underlying theme, however, is government ownership—to be or not to be—shall or shall not the government go into private business? Here the laurels fall to a great actor, a Senator from California. Put a mandarin's gown and a queue upon him and you would have Pooh-Bah; your risibles would work ere he spoke. Mark how on one side of the scene he votes against the wicked proposal to let the government run Muscle Shoals. Never, never shall it take the bread out of the mouth of Henry Ford or of the Alabama Power Company; never, never shall American enterprise, initiative, energy be deprived of the right to find their outlet at Muscle Shoals. Presto! He struts across the stage. Your printed directions show that the scene has changed; we have crossed from Athens to Olympia. Now his voice rings

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with emotion as he pleads the case of the Imperial Valley, below sea level in his old province of California. The valley has been flooded before; shall the god of wrath drown his people one and all? No, never. The remedy is simple. Let the government put $120,000,000 into the dam. And . . . *what?* Why, if some Senators have their way with the power plant which the government may build on the side of the dam it may create and sell power as a prosperous business enterprise! What State is *Yours?*

Whose Canal Yours? Another delicious curtain raiser delightfully portrayed. In the first scene Wall Street bankers drive from the stage with jeers, catcalls, and Homeric laughter a tattered, wild-eyed person who would speak for government ownership of railroads. Scene two, the Cape Cod Canal. A newly made widow in New York burdened with a nearly bankrupt estate; the canal does not pay. At once the kind-hearted bankers, and kind-hearted Senators with them, join to urge the Government to buy the canal—the widow's mite. "Government ownership and operation?" asks the battered clown sneaking back from the wings. "Yes, yes, you fool. But don't you see the canal isn't paying interest? Do you think we'd sell it if it paid 20 per cent on its stock?" "Then," asks the impudent tramp, "we might have government ownership of the railroads forthwith if only they earned no dividends?" But the words are not out of his mouth ere the speed and the indignity of his retreat produce the inevitable roars. How all-powerful is the reduction to the absurd! A brick at his head, his comic feet disappearing from the picture whence head and body have already gone, and—convulsed is the audience.

Whose Treaty Yours? Here we have the slapstick again. Here self-esteem personified, tall and whiskered, comes upon the stage to fall among the clowns. He bids them adieu, and asks, before he forever passes from the scene of all his greatness, the favor of his treaties—the German Treaty, the Paris Agreement, the World Court. Yes, yes; and then the fun begins. By his leave, they hornswoggle him here; and, kind sir, solemnly mock him there; and, Oh, noble Secretary, as faithfully promise him, upstage, to do his will. And all the time they swear upon their faith and by the beard of the prophet that he shall go empty-handed through the wings, and that, by contrast, his successor shall be received with every acclaim—even if nobody takes any stock in that successor or believes that he will remain in office long.

What Debt Yours? Ring Number Two. A Divine Comedy. The liege lord receives the ambassador from over the seas. Low bows. "My master of France commands me, Sire, to . . . ." "Honored Ambassador of our beloved ally, our sentimental debts are all paid. And I am bold enough, kind Sieur, to believe that forthwith shall we both attend to our other debts." With tongues in cheeks, they bow low, and with their suites retire. Words have done their full duty, if that is to conceal thoughts. Neither is deceived; neither fails to know what the other is thinking; and both are aware that America has no debts to pay and that France is determined not to pay hers. Yet how smooth and skilful the acting, how graceful! The rapiers, the costumes, those gloved, velvety hands. . . . One smiles for the Latin beauty of it, as well as for the irony of it all.

Presto, change! Here comedy and tragedy mingle—has it not been said that the finest comedy should have its vein of tragedy running through it? Well, the inquisition now. The chief inquisitor, chief lawyer for the crown, is on the witness-stand. Not too easy nor too suave; not too sure of his facts, sometimes not sure enough—but well-paunched dignity personified. "Aye, the law shall be upheld. None guilty shall escape. Our law recognizes neither differences nor rank. The Senator charged by us with divers and sundry crimes is to us as but all other men. Nay, rather more is the obligation upon us to search his every deed. So have we upon this same Seigneur of Montana brought to bear all our strength. Five inquisitions already? Pray, why not? Five more if need be, and a trial here and a trial there, some 2,500 leagues away. I and an especial man-of-the-law have passed upon this case. You knew not what you did when your noble house declared him innocent." Here is the element of Greek tragedy, indeed, for upon this one Senator, who sits quietly by, is focused the stark will-to-destroy of the powers that be. Upon him are concentrated wrath and revenge. Others stand smiling behind the inquisitor (at least one *seems* to see them): Fall; Daugherty; their minions; the shade of Jess Smith; Beef-Eaters; gentlemen of the court. Theirs the gaiety, theirs the fun. Here their chance, here the exquisite humor of alleged duty and revenge interwoven. "Would *you,* Senators, block the administration of justice because it is one of you whose blood we seek? Would you punish an aspiring official and deprive him of his judgeship because he declares 'fiat justitia, ruat coelum'?" So the scales go up and down. So is the investigator of crime to be tried for his political and social life. If he dares demur, why, don't you see, he is seeking to escape justice? What if he asked nigh a year ago for a speedy trial? For what is the rack made if not to be used? Or if not used, to be held as a threat while new crimes are discovered or manufactured? Here we have just what the humor of the ancients would have liked so well: inexorable fate; the tables turned; one mere mortal compelled to face the Olympians themselves with thunderbolts in hands.

Whose Party Yours? Ring Number Three. A Play Without Words. Scene: The office of the Democratic National Committee. A despairing chairman with bowed head sits at a table contemplating a $300,000 deficit marked "with the compliments of Davis and Bryan." Enter Thomas Fortune Ryan, Wall Street and Virginia magnate and capitalist. Immediately, under the eyes of the audience, the deficit becomes $150,000. The joyful chairman picks up his bag, marked "Palm Beach," and disappears. From the right enter Frank J. Merkling, a Ryan associate and representative, from his office next door. He takes the seat left vacant by the chairman. Both men, silent, regard large signs upon the walls: "'I deny that the Democratic Party belongs to Wall Street'—John W. Davis." "'He who declares that the Democracy is owned by the corporations and the moneyed interests of this country maligns and vilifies a noble and historic American institution'—Clem L. Shaver, National Chairman." "'Let us now get together and reform our party and make it the great liberal and progressive party of the country'—Franklin D. Roosevelt." Curtain to slow music.

* * * * *

Yes, the Washington show *is* profoundly interesting, tremendously amusing, and—from certain points of view—hilariously joyous.

Now let us pray!

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Brains and the Immigrant

(The Second Article of the Series on The Nordic Myth)

By MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

THE sea was rough, and there were few people in the dining-room. The chief officer, a tall, blond, blue-eyed, stalwart American, was talking about it. "What do you expect from those Germans? They're so dumb they don't know enough to keep from eating dill pickles and salami when they're seasick. I tell you," and he grew reminiscent, "you'd be thankful, too, that they passed those restriction laws for immigrants if you could have run back and forth between Europe and America since the war like I have. Those Polacks! You see 'em looking around after 'em as if wondering where the mud of the barnyard is on the ship. And they're dumb, just dumb. They don't know how to act, or to talk, or to eat. . . ." And then, a few days later, the immigration officials came aboard at Quarantine. There was an intelligent German on the ship—a non-citizen—who had made his home for some years in the Middle West. He had to wait in line at the pleasure of the doctor and the inspector—American citizens had finished long since and were looking at the Statue of Liberty—and he remarked as he came out on deck, "Yes, they make you feel that you're an alien, all right."

That the psychology of superiority—and particularly of the superiority of the white race and that part of it that comes from Northern Europe—is rampant in the country today is obvious to the most casual observer. The books and articles from the pens of prolific writers such as Professor MacDougall, Dr. C. C. Josey, Mr. Madison Grant, Mr. Ernest Cox, and Lothrop Stoddard, and the works of Dr. Brigham and other psychologists, plus deductions drawn from the psychological tests given in the army during the war, all lend sanction to official actions such as the recent immigration legislation which changed quotas so as to favor North European stock. In addition to this, other laws are advocated enforcing the study of English, or making the requirements for citizenship more and more difficult, and we have the folklore current about the lack of ability and low intelligence of the large Negro section of the population. This phenomenon is a growing thing; we find the identical works that are produced here published in England and seriously discussed; a controversy about the value of race raging in Germany, and a large institute for the study of race-biology in Sweden maintained by the state under a director who believes that the salvation of his country lies in the maintenance of racial purity.

A part of the theories which are accepted as almost axiomatic by those who urge the superiority of the North European type—the "Teutonic race," as it was called in pre-war times, more widely known today as the "Nordic"—is based on a lack of understanding of the criteria which determine race, and a false correlation between physical form and cultural achievement. Underlying all this, and perhaps fundamental to it, is an attitude which is as old as the ages, rationalized with the help of the earlier anthropologists and the psychologists. This is the wide-spread dislike of what is different. All of us are used to doing things in the way we have always seen them done, hearing the syllables and seeing the gestures we have always heard and seen, and the person who speaks our language with an accent, or contravenes some of the ways of action to which we are accustomed, excites in us an emotion out of all proportion to the action which has aroused the feeling in us. Even this, however, may be set aside if the pattern of the society calls for it: thus, in Europe, the mispronunciation of a word by a foreigner does not excite the ridicule which this act occasions in the United States; however, people do become irritated when inbred patterns of behavior are not adhered to.

The early rationalization of this irritation followed the studies on head-form which announced the existence of the Teutonic race. This race was supposed to be the flower of mankind, and to have developed civilization to its highest point. The inability to see that cultural difference does not necessarily imply cultural inferiority, and that time perspective is essential in the determination of even such values as may be compared and weighed was the reason why Teutonic superiority seemed so plausible. Then came the work of Binet and Simon, with their tests to determine the relative standing of school children, and the adaptation of these tests for American use by Dr. Terman and others. As they were given in the schools, it became apparent that the children of immigrants of Polish and Italian origin, and of Negroes, did not do as well as children of other stocks, and it was soon concluded, first, that these tests determine native intelligence, and second, that those racial groups from the North of Europe may be considered as having the greatest intelligence.

When we consider some of the figures in the case, we might be led to agree that there is a real superiority in favor of the Teutonic group. In the army tests, for example, we find the following mean standing for persons of the countries indicated, in terms of the "combined scale," which consolidated the results of the various tests used:

Canada	13.74
British Isles	13.37
Scandinavia	13.30
Germany, Austria	13.17
Greece	11.90
Russia	11.16
Italy	11.04

These figures are impressive, particularly when to them are added such results from school-testing as those of Arlitt, in which Italian children were found to be far below those of American birth as to I. Q. (Intelligence Quotient) or of Preston, who found Latins to stand consistently below non-Latins and others. But they bear, perhaps, further examination, and the consideration of certain other data and results which are too often left out of account. To return to the army tests, when we look at the median scores of foreign-born recruits arranged according to years of residence in this country, we find the following:

0– 5 years in U. S.	11.29
6–10 " " "	11.70
11–15 " " "	12.53
16–20 " " "	13.50
over 20 " " "	13.73

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These figures, when taken with the first set, throw the whole matter of conclusions into a somewhat new light. The first observation, when looking only at the data arranged according to countries of origin of foreigners taking the tests, is that there is a progression from high standing in countries populated by the Teutonic race to low for those persons coming from the so-called "Alpine" and "Mediterranean" races. However, it will be noticed, as Dorothy Hallowell has said in an unpublished survey of all the data on racial tests to date, that "roughly it seems that the nationality groups having the highest mental ages are from the countries where the educational advantages are good, and vice versa, and the English-speaking countries highest of all." This conclusion is reinforced when we turn to the second set of figures, where the data are arranged according to the length of residence of the foreign born in this country. For with increased residence comes, apparently, increasing intelligence. There are two conclusions, which may be drawn from these results. One is assumed and maintained by Brigham, and is to the effect that since the immigration has changed in the past twenty years from the North to the South of Europe, the difference in racial stock may account for the increased scores for persons of longer residence in this country. A more obvious interpretation, it would seem, would be simply that with greater understanding of the customs of the country, longer experience in dealing with typically American situations, and more knowledge of the language, all of which come with longer residence, and only with this, the persons taking the tests were the better able to cope with the problems presented and to meet the situations described in them. Indeed, Dr. Brigham himself may perhaps be coming to this view, since in a recent symposium on the tests he stated that what the tests show is not innate ability, but what he termed "scholaptitude"—the relation between a given test score and a criterion based on a school product.

This opens up the whole question of how the tests are constructed, and how they work. They are empirically determined, usually by a trial-and-error process, and the questions are usually only inserted after the tentative test has been tried out on a large number of persons so that ambiguities, too large a number of extremely difficult questions, and the like may be eliminated. What is finally presented to the subject is a standardized test, usually with the time element involved, which is scored in a rigid way so as to eliminate the personality of the score to the largest degree possible. The tests, however (and this has to do, of course, with the tests that involve language difficulties, although the criticism is applicable to a certain extent to those which are non-language), are printed and must be read. There are specified directions which must be announced by the tester. There are answers to be written or marks made according to printed directions. Now, it is not hard to see that the language difficulty is a real one for persons who are of foreign birth. This has been made the subject of a study by Margaret Mead, who conducted extensive researches on the children of a small New Jersey town, some of American parentage and others of Italian, of comparable social background, during the last year. Her conclusions are well worth stating here in full:

> 1. The Italians are definitely inferior to the Americans if judged by test showing alone. Therefore, if grading and promotion were to be governed by test results the Italians would be placed clearly at a disadvantage in competing with the American children in these schools.
>
> 2. The scores of the Italians have been shown to be influenced by the factors of language, as demonstrated by the classification according to language spoken at home; by the length of time the parent has been in this country, this factor being somewhat interwoven with the language factor; and by the social status of the parent.
>
> 3. This study would indicate that
>
> Intelligence-test scores of foreign children, particularly group tests involving the use of language, are subject to vitiation by the above-mentioned factors.
>
> Classification of foreign children, in schools where they have to compete with American children, on the basis of group intelligence-test findings alone, is not a just evaluation of the child's innate capacity.

Special attention is called to the second conclusion, especially the part which refers to the language spoken in the homes of the children tested. Miss Mead divides the Italian children studied into four groups, according to the language spoken mostly at home—those whose parents speak all Italian, those in whose homes Italian and some English are spoken, those who live where English and some Italian are spoken, and those whose parents speak only English. The results are striking—the figures given are for the averages of the groups arranged according to the "Index of Brightness":

Language	*Number*	*Index of Brightness*
Italian	82	65.00
Italian and some English	100	70.00
English and some Italian	64	73.90
English	23	72.93

The importance of the language factor comes out clearly in this table, although the average for the last group loses its significance because of the small number of cases in it. It is even a question whether children who are bilingual are not at a disadvantage in the tests. A study made not so long ago by Saer in England on children speaking Welsh and English seems to show that the handicap is on the side of those who learn a second language before they know the first completely, when compared with others who have learned only one thoroughly.

Thus, there is the difficulty of language in giving the tests. How, then, to test immigrants? Shall we give them tests in their own languages? We already have literacy tests for immigrants—might it not be possible to give those wishing to settle here intelligence tests which would avoid the language factor and thus admit only those with the highest standings? There is another difficulty in the way, which is far from a minor one, and which is recognized by most psychologists. It is the difference in cultural background. Tests are made out of the experience and cultural background of the maker. And it is too often the case that this background is totally different from that of the persons it is desired to test. Thus, in Army Beta, or the non-language test, there were pictures in which something was to be checked as missing, or misplaced, or with which something else was wrong. One of these showed a tennis court, with two men playing, but without any net. Is it to be wondered that the Hungarian steel-worker from Pittsburgh or the plantation Negro from Alabama was completely at a loss when it came to checking the element missing? Such a test with the example, often seen, of a house in which the chimney runs only to the height of the roof and not above it, would certainly have been failed in by Plato and Aristotle, to put the case grotesquely; while, coming a bit

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nearer, there are many eminent Europeans who have declared that they feel that they could not possibly pass such a test. Of course not! After all, the American scene is typical, and, to a very large degree, peculiar. And the experiences of the persons who live in it are not those of the persons who live in other lands. And just because the immigrant shows bewilderment when he is catapulted into our throbbing civilization, does not mean that he is without ability to learn to get about in it if he is given the chance.

But let us suppose that the tests were constructed with an eye to allowing for past differential experiences, and attempts were made to incorporate in them forms which might not be too foreign to the persons taking them. In most tests there are several forms constructed comparable, after thorough preliminary statistical analysis. These may be given out to different groups, or to the same one if it is to take the test more than once. But how to make comparisons across the barrier of cultural differences? How to compare the value, as an indication of intelligence, of a knowledge of the proverbs of different lands? Or the types of buildings? Or the manners? It is a nice problem, and one which will have to be solved before such tests can be given.

Of course, it must not be assumed that there is no field for psychological tests. When they attempt to do definite things, such as showing which persons of a given group are most likely to make the best stenographers, or the best bookkeepers, or the best soldiers, there can be little quarrel with their use. But when these tests, devised for definite purposes, are translated into terms of general intelligence, one must refuse to go along with those who draw conclusions. An irreparable harm has been done by reasoning of this type—the immigration laws, the rise of the Nordic mania, and the belief in the Nordic's innate superiority are mainly the result of such deductions. The army tests were constructed to find out, in the shortest and most efficient manner possible, the types of men who, because of previous training and reaction to given situations, would make the best officers, non-commissioned officers, and enlisted men, or those who were fit only for work in labor battalions and the like. It was a time of emergency, and emergency measures were employed, and successfully. But when the tests were translated into terms of absolute intelligence, and then norms for racial groups developed and the assumption made that this represented the differences in the innate ability of the races to which the men tested belonged, scientific sanction was given to a dogma which was growing in popularity.

The question of the restriction of immigration is not a racial one. In no group are there results to be seen which cannot be accounted for from the personal background, inherited and learned, of the individuals tested, rather than from the fact of the racial origin of the group to which the individual belongs. Take the Negro, for example, since the Negro element in our population is perhaps the most widely differentiated racially in our population. The low standing of the Negro in psychological tests is notorious, although a recent Los Angeles study casts grave doubts on the general applicability of the previous findings.* But even granting their correctness, when one considers the fact that a large portion of the Negro population of the United States has had little education, that the persons we call Negro are the result of much racial mixture with whites, and too often of crossing between the less competent element of both racial groups, added to the diffidence which must be a part of the training of every Negro because of the ever-present prejudice he must meet, one does not have to have recourse to the racial hypothesis. The very term "Negro" is social rather than racial. Negro, in the United States, means, really, "not-all-white." If we were to imagine a situation where white were to mean "any-portion-white," we can easily see what a difference it would make in the situation of the vast majority of our Negro population. Gone would be the restrictions as to opportunity and the feeling of diffidence that is ground into the Negro almost from the moment of birth; gone would be the insistence on a Negro quarter and the reluctance of the blonder portions of the population to associate with their darker fellows; and we might then have a group comparable to the white group as it is constituted at present. But to speak of typical Negro characteristics and intelligence, when conclusions are based on studies of a group mixed as largely with whites as the American Negro is mixed, is sheer folly.

How much greater folly, then, is the assumption that there are differences in innate intelligence between the so-called "racial" groups of Europe, which are so much more closely affiliated than Negro and white. We do not distinguish in our official policies between north and south Germans, between the Norman Breton and the Mediterranean south Frenchman, between the blond and dark-haired Scandinavian. Yet we speak as though all Italians were small and dark, and all Germans were tall and blond, and the discrimination becomes one of nationality rather than of race. And the national distinction, it must be admitted, has no meaning at all from any racial point of view. The Alpine may be a peasant type, but the Alpine is not refused admittance unless he happens to be a Polish or Russian Alpine, while the Mediterranean, if he happens to be a Frenchman, is admitted readily along with his northern fellow-countryman. The myth of the Nordic is founded on the rationalization that because we are an English-speaking people we are of Northern European blood, and it is being bolstered by rash conclusions drawn from what is often carefully suspended scientific research.

The problem of the selection of the type of person who is to come to this country to live is not one of race, but of individual fitness. And the determination of this fitness is not within our power. One agrees heartily with the statement made by Professor Woodworth some years ago:

> Wisdom would dictate that the nation which is in process of formation should exert some selective influence on its own account, but from all the facts in hand, the part of wisdom would be to select the best individuals available from every source, rather than, trusting to the illusory appearance of great racial differences in mental and moral traits, to make the selection in terms of races and nations.

And "equitable tests of the distinctly intellectual processes are hard to devise, since much depends on the familiarity of the material used." The invidious comparison, between races as between individuals, is always odious, and it is to be hoped that the present craze for the Nordic myth will go the way of all crazes. The problem of who is to settle in this country is a real one; our need is to put it on the economic and social basis where it belongs, and to leave out of it vague hypotheses concerning racial intelligence.

* Educational Status of Los Angeles Negro Children, a preliminary report. By Willis W. Clark, Assistant Supervisor, Department of Psychology and Educational Research, Los Angeles City Schools. This report has not been published, but is in mimeographed form.

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Burrowing in the Budget

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

III

THE President calls attention to the fact that in the last fiscal year our annual pay roll was $1,662,553,512. Inquiry shows that the persons who received this total of money were in number 1,847,267.

Almost two million persons therefore in this country were on the federal pay roll in the fiscal year ending June 30 last. They cost this country, in their personal emoluments, more than one and a half billion of dollars.

The enormousness of the figures is manifest. The way of reducing them is less clear.

Out of the 1,847,267 persons thus slated as beneficiaries of the national business there are 980,820 who are on the public pay roll through receiving pensions and other tributes to their services in the wars of the republic. Some of these services were through fighting. Others of them were through being related to those who fought. In any case the indebtedness of the American Republic to these people is popularly and legislatively admitted and recognized. The chances of reducing it, except through the deaths of the beneficiaries, are nil.

In this very session of Congress, and totally aside from the operation of the regular ordinary pension laws, an exceptional omnibus pension bill has been passed through Congress and signed by the President for the purpose of granting pensions (or increases of pensions) to persons thought exceptionally worthy of them. These persons amounted in number to 1,591. The money thus obligated annually amounted to $429,216.

Our pensioners may decrease in number; but the decrease will be due to their physical disappearance from the world and not to any act of economy, or of alleged economy, in Washington.

It becomes clear accordingly that more than half of our so-called "federal employees" are quite beyond any diminution of their number by the Bureau of the Budget.

The original total wholesale number being 1,847,267, and the number of pensioners (and the like) being 980,820, it accordingly appears that there remain 866,820 "federal employees" to be considered.

It then develops that there are 45,362 of this remainder who are getting money from the federal government because they are "retired" or "disabled."

Nobody is going to take emoluments or compensations away from ladies and gentlemen retired or disabled. This is particularly so because a considerable proportion of the money paid to retired persons is derived from contributions which they themselves have made out of their wages or salaries to retirement funds.

In the search therefore for the "superfluous employees" whom the President mentioned in a recent speech we are driven from the list of pensioners and of other similar beneficiaries and from the list of retired and disabled employees to the list of employees really existing and active. These employees, as will be seen from calculations based on figures already stated, amount in net total to 821,085. Their net total annual compensation is $1,048,421,180.

That is the condensed exhibit of the American federal government as a going daily pay roll concern. The problem is to discover how the girth of it can be shrunk.

It becomes immediately apparent that one certain part of it cannot probably be shrunk at all. That is the part that has to do with the Post Office.

The post office is one of the severest shrinkers and drivers of its personnel now in existence in the whole world. The post office already probably overworks its average employee; and the business of the post office is steadily increasing. In the last fiscal year, according to the United States Civil Service Commission, the number of postal-service employees at the end of the year was 294,226.

Since our total of active federal employees was seen to be 821,085, and since our total of postal service employees at the end of the last fiscal year was 294,226, it becomes clearly sure that the number of federal employees subject to diminishment by further action of the Bureau of the Budget is not more than 526,859.

We must now, however, take a look at the Army and the Navy and the Marine Corps.

The total number of officers and of enlisted men in the army and the navy and the marine corps is 256,643. To furnish them with their necessary operating background there have to be certain civilian employees in the Army and Navy departments. These employees now number 92,331.

Conceivably some of them might be dismissed. The emphasis must be placed on the word some. As long as by act of Congress our officers and our enlisted men are at their present level of number, there is small chance of any large dismissal or diminishment of the civilian employees who are necessary to their proper functioning.

The total of military employees and of civilian employees in the army and the navy and the marine corps is 348,974.

Since our grand total of active employees for the federal government has been seen to be 821,085, and since the total of our employees for national defense is seen to be 348,974, the following calculation is mathematically forthcoming: Our national defense employees are more than 60 per cent of the total number of employees of the federal government.

Our remaining employees, for all purposes outside of national defense, are only 177,885. Our immediate chances of any drastic diminishing of them may be estimated from the following facts: In the District of Columbia the federal government, according to the Bureau of the Budget, has been employing the services (during the current fiscal year) of an average number of 49,737 persons. The Bureau of the Budget is charged with making estimates (which amount to recommendations) regarding the fiscal year to come. For the fiscal year to come the Bureau of the Budget calculates that the total number of federal employees in the District of Columbia will be 50,167. To go from 49,737 to 50,167 is certainly not a going downward.

Thus in sum the gross fact is presented that in spite of everything that may be said in theory the chances of any drastic diminution of federal "pay-rollers" are extremely small unless there is some drastic change (not here advocated) in the pension policy and in the national-defense policy of the United States. Those are the two policies that give up the overwhelming bulk of our "pay-rollers." The remainder of them, instead of going down in number, are, by verdict and recommendation of the Bureau of the Budget itself, going up.

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In the Driftway

NEVER has the Drifter hit upon a subject that struck so many not only responsive but lyric chords as his diatribe on hotel clerks and hotels. He cannot keep on discussing the subject forever, but neither can he resist quoting a recent contribution:

> Let me contribute to this week's Driftway. . . . A few years ago I had occasion to drive home to Virginia. A business friend named Mason wanted to go with me. . . . We arrived one cold winter's night at Strasburg, Va. The town lies in the hollow of the Blue Ridge on the Valley's side. I have been there a dozen times but know nothing about it. It is "in the Valley" and I am a Piedmont Virginian and the "Valley" is foreign country.
>
> The streets of the little town were quiet. Someone told us "to keep the straight road to the hotel." We eventually kept the only street and got there. There was a sign, which our headlights showed, a light in the office window, and an open door.
>
> Mason went in to register. He reported to me that he could not find anybody. We debated what to do for a period. No one appeared. Both of us were inclined to go to bed. Eventually, Mason said that he was going to find a place to sleep and disappeared. I had an English rug and the closed car and stretched out on my back seat. I awoke stiff with cold and very hungry. It was early morning. The light in the "office" of the hotel was still burning. Fogs were drifting up from some river. . . . I crept into the "office" and took a chair in a less inclement temperature. I awoke in a certain bustle though I think my intrusion was disregarded by the bustlers.
>
> I said, "I want a room." A man said, "There are plenty of rooms." I said, "I waited for the clerk." A man said, "You are a fool. Why didn't you help yourself?" . . .
>
> Going back to my theme, I said, "I couldn't find the clerk."
>
> He said, "I am the clerk, day and night. I've got to sleep, you goddamnfool. For that reason I've got a room a mile from town and go there at six p. m. to get shut of such goddamnfools. The lights were burning; the keys were on the rack. Can you read numbers or can't you? Sleep your goddamnheadoff anywhere you goddamnplease. The hotel was open."
>
> I said, "I couldn't find anybody to tell me which room to take and I slept in my car outside."
>
> He said, "You are a goddamnfool. Here are the keys; there were the doors. I am going to sleep a mile from the hotel as long as I live. Do you think some Piedmont shrimp will change my plans?"
>
> Mason appeared fresh and bathed. He paid money to the clerk. He said, "I took room 26." The clerk said, "I owe you fifty cents. Your pardner slept outside and is cold."

* * * * *

THE Drifter will not presume to draw a moral from this story, which came to him, by the way, from Brooklyn. He it was who recommended the patent key-board and the invisible clerk. He rather fancies that it is an excellent system, in spite of failures now and then. There is no excuse for the haughtiness of the hotel clerk. The sooner he is banished the better. But the Drifter would like to soften his indictment of taxi-drivers. As long as they are compelled to sit outside the cab in cold, wind, and ice, he feels that they are punished enough; it may even be that their unfortunate position accounts somewhat for their unfortunate dispositions.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What About It, Harvard?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am told that the authorities of Harvard were much troubled by charges which I made in "The Goose-Step" concerning the methods whereby President Lowell had got rid of a lecturer, Mr. Morris L. Cooke of Philadelphia, who had been active in support of public ownership in opposition to the electric lighting interests which control Harvard University and gave President Lowell his job. To put it briefly, the subterfuge upon which Mr. Cooke was "fired" was the charge that he had violated one of the most fundamental of Harvard rules, that there must be no publicity for lectures given in Harvard. Mr. Cooke had committed the crime of printing some of his lectures in the form of a pamphlet, and President Lowell in a letter declared that this was never done.

I now have before me a document which speaks for itself, and I am waiting with interest to see what action President Lowell will take in the matter:

> *32 Nassau Street, New York*
>
> The substance of lectures by members of our staff to the Investment Banking Classes at Harvard and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology is now printed in the book "Investment Counsel"—copy of which we should be glad to send you if you care to jot your name and address below and return this letter.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> (Signed) SCUDDER, STEVENS & CLARK

Pasadena, California, January 15 UPTON SINCLAIR

"Try It On with Ships"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Hard says that he "looks with a cold eye at public ownership and operation of anything," but "is willing out of courtesy to go farther and to point out a specific instance in which public ownership and operation at Washington is in need of every assistance that the advocates of public ownership and operation can give it. This instance is ships."

He concludes his cynical article in *The Nation* thus: "Perhaps, if the advocates of public ownership and operation would turn in and make the public service as attractive and as effective as private service is, those ships would remain governmental forever. That's the challenge."

The records of Congress will show that since 1914 "the advocates of public ownership and operation" have fought and striven to "make the public service as effective as private service is"—in fact, more effective. But they have been opposed and frustrated by all the organized forces of corporate greed and exploitation. And the official records of the Shipping Board will prove that those who dared to fight these interests have been subjected to the most dastardly conspiracies and defamation by high officials of the Shipping Board.

What took place did not "merely happen." It was the result of careful planning of the shrewdest of men guided by the most astute lawyers, whose fees run up into five and six figures. As Alfred W. McCann graphically described it: "The nurse [the Shipping Board] to whom was intrusted the infant [our merchant marine] strangled it."

Over five billion dollars of the American people's money has been stolen, squandered, and deliberately and needlessly wasted via the Shipping Board route, and the main object was to discredit and kill government ownership and operation—shipping or anything else. Anyone and everyone who could be trusted to betray the cause of our government merchant marine—eminent and distinguished gentlemen, and ex-convicts, and all the variants between—all were given a free hand to loot the government.

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Let me drive this important fact home to Hard. If the Shipping Board disposed of every ton of shipping it possesses at the highest prevailing market prices, including the seized German liners—the Leviathan and the rest of them—the total sum obtained would be less than $200,000,000. This pitiable aggregation of floating junk, plus a handful of more or less serviceable but ill-assorted ships, can never overcome its heritage of graft, sabotage, and waste so long as anyone connected with the former regimes is in any way, directly or indirectly, connected with the organization. So why utter such rot, as Hard does, when he speaks of "the gigantic fleet of merchant vessels already in public hands and already being managed for weal or for woe by a government department"?

Investigation upon investigation of the Shipping Board has been held almost continuously during the last seven years, but these investigations have always been side-tracked when they threatened powerful interests. We will now soon have the report of the Select Committee of the House, under the direction of Congressman Davis of Tennessee. It is to be seen if the work of that committee will be as fruitless as have been all of its predecessors.

New York, December 22 PHILIP MANSON

Rothenstein Drawings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am editing for publication a *catalogue raisonné* of portrait drawings by my father, William Rothenstein, of which a number will be reproduced in collotype. I should be most grateful, therefore, if anyone owning portrait drawings, especially early ones, which I find difficulty in tracing, will supply me with the necessary details. JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

13 Airlie Gardens, London W. 8, January 12

Library Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was some correspondence in your issue of December 10 *in re* library censorship. Mr. Chass was nettled because a public library wouldn't put three or four books on its shelves, books showing that there might possibly be some faults to these United States, and that people who think so are not inherently infanticides and necromancers. But it seems to me that Mr. Chass fairly flung such books in the faces of the good directors, and said: "There! I dare you to take these! If you don't I'll make a holler." And, as Mike Arlen would say, they didn't, and he did, and who cares?

These library folks are serious, earnest people, guided by their own lights, and thinking they are doing right. But they certainly are stupid, and they certainly do a lot of harm. But what's the use? I'd like to write a very funny short story about a chap like Chass or me who gets all worked up about this theme and writes a marvelous, terrible book about it, and then can't get the library to put it on its shelves; and so he commits suicide and leaves everybody flat!

New York, December 11 PAUL GOULD

Loans to Make Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The furore created by the respective jingoists of France, Britain, and the United States over the inter-Allied debts gives us a strategic opportunity to strike a telling blow at war. We believe that a joint resolution might be adopted by the Congress to notify the nations of the world of our firm opposition to war and of our intention to stand for the outlawry of war, and, furthermore, that it is our fixed policy hereafter to allow loans to the other nations *only* on the condition that they officially outlaw war, and that they make a treaty with the United States agreeing specifically and irrevocably upon the complete outlawry of war, with no exception whatsoever. Perhaps also the cooperation of American international bankers could be invited to this end.

New York, January 16 JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD
CHARLES FLEISCHER

A Discourse on Guts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the publication of my dialogue on Modern Disillusion a little while ago I have received a number of protests —some unfortunately anonymous—against my use of the word "guts" to signify mental courage. One correspondent has sent me a clipping from a Western magazine called *All's Well* in which the writer says: "When I came upon it [guts] in a high-class magazine I was not only nauseated but astonished that the editor would allow it." May I say a word in my defense? No one today, I believe, would object to anyone's using the word "pluck"; nevertheless pluck is a word which came into use during the Crimean War to describe spiritual stamina: it is a dialect word that means liver and lights. By now most of the force has gone out of pluck, and a writer who wishes to signify a certain state of internal heroism is driven to the expressive coarseness of "guts." It is a poor kind of refinement that cannot stomach such a literary usage: correspondents of this kidney are not perhaps so lily-livered that they would stop short of referring to the heart; but they would certainly prefer their emotions to be concealed, when necessary, behind their thorax rather than in their breast; and no doubt they would censor even the Bible rather than admit the "bowels of compassion."

Brooklyn, January 18 LEWIS MUMFORD

How About This Prisoner?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Could you find space for an item to the effect that Charles Cline, who has been in prison eleven years under a ninety-nine-year sentence in connection with smuggling arms to Mexico to help overthrow the Diaz regime, would be glad to receive magazines and other reading matter to help pass away the time? His address is Box 32, Huntsville, Texas.

WORKERS PRISON RELIEF COMMITTEE

Paterson, N. J., January 8

Contributors to This Issue

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is an anthropologist engaged in an extended study of the problem of variability under racial crossing.

HARRY EMERSON WILDES is professor of economics at Keio University, Tokio, Japan.

EDWIN MUIR, author of "We Moderns" and "Latitudes," is a young British critic of brilliant promise.

MARY AUSTIN, as novelist, poet, essayist, and ethnologist, has long been identified with the cause of literary art in America. She is the author of "The American Rhythm."

HARRY ELMER BARNES, professor of historical sociology at Smith College, has been especially active in spreading the truth about the origins of the World War.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH is an artist, author, and topographer who has made explorations into many parts of the world.

W. E. WOODWARD is author of the novels "Bunk" and "Lottery."

J. A. HOBSON is a distinguished British economist and a contributing editor to *The Nation.*

CHARLES H. A. WAGER is professor of English at Oberlin College.

PITTS SANBORN is a New York music critic who frequently contributes to *The Nation.*

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International Relations Section

Industrial Democracy in Japan

By HARRY EMERSON WILDES

THE West deliberates and spins fine theories of industrial democracy, but the East takes action. Japan initiates, and wins, the first great movement by servants of a world-wide enterprise toward the reemergence of guild control of modern industry. Resentful of autocratic management which ranked private greed above the corporate interest the professional staff of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (NYK), Japan's proudest shipping corporation, united to expel a chief executive whose actions seemed unworthy of his post. But since transportation strikes endanger public interest by threatening the common welfare, a new technique was found with which to register the full force of disapproval without disrupting public service. By means of a "moral strike," involving no cessation of labor and no violence, the employees of the NYK succeeded in ousting their president and by the force of protest and good example reversed a hard-boiled and hostile directorate and won a complete triumph. The last ten days of September in Japan may profoundly modify future labor history.

Next to the South Manchuria Railway, the NYK is the largest corporation of the empire. Its fleets sail all the seas and its fourteen direct lines tap the passenger and freight traffics of every continent. The greatest bulk of cargo, carried by Japanese vessels, is transported in its care. Its close grip upon the best trade routes is fortified by alliances, by interlocked directorates, with the largest export firms, the Chamber of Commerce "crowd," the vast Mitsui banking interests, and the Mitsubishi docks and engineering works. Viscount Kato, the present Premier, is an NYK "alumnus" and is popularly supposed to care for its relations with the Government, while Viscount Shibusawa, the greatest business man of Japan, has long held exceedingly close relations with the firm. A generous government subsidy is received, in addition to liberal allowances from the private purse of the imperial household. Seldom have its dividends fallen below an annual rate of 10 per cent, and of recent years the rate has usually been much higher. Perhaps it is the very prosperity of the NYK that has led to its undoing, for its recent internal difficulties may be traceable to the superabundant income amassed during the war years. Unwise financing induced the company to expend the major portion of its gains on overextension of lines and to allow the balance of the profits, perhaps a million yen, to lie idle as reserve war funds for possible use in crushing the growing rivalry of the competing Osaka Chosen Kaisha lines.

The stewardship of these idle funds provoked a bitter, though quiet, contest within the corporation. It is customary in Japan for commercial firms to award yearly bonuses, often ranging to 50,000 yen or more, to favored executives, and there were powerful influences within the company desirous of continuing the practice. Other leaders, foreseeing the shipping depression that has since gripped Japan, stood out against a dissipation of the surplus. Yonejiro Ito, the newly elected president, did not, it was rumored, approve of following the cautious policy, and busied himself by appointing men to high positions more from considerations of personal friendship than from reasons of merit.

President Ito's policy roused little comment, for friendship and nepotism rule Oriental industry, until in November, 1923, a wholesale cut in salaries was announced, affecting all the land employees except his personal appointees. In many cases the salaries of department heads, managers, and clerks were reduced by half, ostensibly because of the depression and of depleted revenues occasioned by the Osaka Chosen competition. Protests were ineffective, although appeals were common throughout the winter, and by the time of the shareholders' meeting, in the spring of 1924, apparent concord reigned. The stockholders received and accepted the resignations of Akira Ishii, vice-president, and of Tadasu Yasuda, managing director, without attaching undue importance to the withdrawals.

These resignations marked the real beginnings of the employees' effort to secure company control; the guiding spirits among the disaffected land staff thenceforth were aiming at the ousting of President Ito and were hopeful of establishing a mild form of guild control without revolutionizing existing methods of company procedure. Ishii resigned to become shipping adviser to the Industrial Bank of Japan, through which loans are made to shipping firms. Yasuda set himself toward perfecting the organization of the land staff of the NYK. Under Yasuda's leadership the men were united into a strong guild called the Dokokai, devoted to the recovery of their lost wage scale and pledged to the overthrow of Ito.

The welding of the men into the Dokokai received a further impetus from the official confirmation of a long-whispered rumor that the NYK was to be merged with the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, another rival shipping firm with lines to San Francisco and to South America. Plans for the union had been busily proceeding in New York and rumors to that effect had reached Tokio in January, 1924. The Tokio headquarters of both lines, however, had consistently denied these rumors until President Ito formally announced that he and President Asano of the TKK had intrusted the merger to the care of Viscount Shibusawa.

The Dokokai took the position that the merger was, in reality, a "selling-out" of the NYK to its competitor, and asserted that the proposed union was "a conspiracy against the life" of their own company. Their loyalty, they said, was now betrayed by Ito, whom they charged with inefficiency, selfishness, and greed. Leaders of the Dokokai canvassed influential stockholders to secure anti-merger pledges, and on every possible occasion voiced their opposition to the president. As a further measure to prevent the merger, they requested Ito to arrange a meeting at which they might discuss their grievances with him. Ito suggested that they have luncheon at his house September 20 to discuss the matters.

The afternoon before the luncheon was to have been held, however, a hurried meeting of pro-Ito directors resolved to break up the Dokokai by dismissing its ringleaders. Two branch managers, Katsuyama of Kobe (formerly manager at New York) and Ogari of Yokohama, were summarily dismissed without a hearing. They were not informed of the decision until they appeared at the Ito house for luncheon, when they were turned away as being no longer employees of the NYK. Immediately four other managers, Tagami of Osaka, Mikumo of Dairen, Yoshida of Bombay, and Hirose of Singapore, were notified of their discharge, together with four heads of the Tokio offices.

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Announcement of the dismissals, cabled to all branches, brought an immediate flood of resignations. Within two days nearly 900 clerks, virtually the entire complement at Tokio, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Moji, Osaka, Dairen, Nagoya, Hongkong, Singapore, Calcutta, London, and New York resigned en masse. The Seattle manager alone remained in the NYK employ, but the nine clerks of his office joined the protesting group. Shanghai, where Ito had been manager prior to his election, at first announced its neutrality, but its sixty employees joined the strike before the movement was a week old.

The methods of conducting the strike were, in themselves, unusual. Knowing that the Government would not countenance any action that might result in delaying mails, or which might threaten disaster to the Japanese shipping industry, the Dokokai contented itself by sending daily a stream of cablegrams and letters to the office of the president demanding his resignation. At the same time they continued to work at their own appointed tasks until their resignations should be accepted by the board of directors. Public opinion in Japan, therefore, turned against President Ito, and served partially to counteract the strenuous efforts made by the interlocked big-business firms to defend the harassed executive.

Offers of mediation, more or less disinterested, appeared within a short time, in an effort to settle the strike before more drastic action should be taken. Raita Fujiyama, president of the Tokio Chamber of Commerce, and Viscount Shibusawa offered to act as intermediaries, but were refused by the directorate. The directors' communication read:

> To forgive officials of the company who have been dismissed is to create another cause for future trouble. If employees who have tendered their resignations in sympathy with these officials change their mind, and resume work faithfully, we have nothing more to say. Under no circumstances will we agree to compromise with employees under humiliating conditions.

President Ito was equally unwilling to yield.

> If I, who am the target of the concerted attack of the land working forces of the NYK, say much, I may be misunderstood as attempting to give an alibi. So I am obliged to refrain from expressing my opinions. Yet I can declare one thing, and that is that we, the members of the Board of Directors, are determined not to yield another inch. We shall not rest until we make a thorough job of the present reform. Fundamentally the NYK has been a healthy body so far. It, however, sustained a small boil on the skin a few years ago. Insignificant as it was, it has so progressed that now it troubles the vital internal organs. On a wise physician's advice we are determined to have a thoroughgoing operation this time, to save the body for good.

The novel strike methods to which the employees resorted made little impression on the actions of the president.

> Since we have not accepted these employees' resignations, we expect them to continue their work until the dispute is settled. We greatly regret the existing situation, but since we are intrusted by the shareholders of the company with the duty of running the concern, we shall never resign just because some discontented employees demand that we should.

During the period of deadlock it became evident that, even with the strikers continuing at work, the uncertainty of the company's future gravely handicapped the carrying forward of business. Large shippers were unwilling to assume the risk that their exports might be tied up at sea, or on the docks, and hesitated to intrust consignments to NYK vessels. At Yokohama alone, it was estimated, the Nippon Yusen incurred a loss of approximately 100,000 yen daily, although vessels continued to arrive and to be dispatched on schedule.

More important, perhaps, to the larger stockholders, particularly to those whose interests interlocked with other large corporations, was the fear that the example of the NYK managers in seeking a voice in the control of their industry might spread to other establishments. Depreciation of the Nippon Yusen shares, though feared, would have been of little weight compared to the wholesale spread of the employee-management germ. Despite the unwillingness of the directors to accept arbitration forced from the outside, therefore, the industrial leaders of Japan insisted on intervening in the contest. None would speak for publication, save in the vaguest and suavest terms, yet it was evident from their unofficial utterances that the dominating interests of the Mitsui and the Mitsubishi, reinforced by reconstruction magnates, flour, iron, and rubber kings, public utilities directors, the official government economist, and the president of the Korean Colonization Society, were determined not to risk an open war on such an issue as the "moral strike" presented. Ito was too small a man and his shortcomings were too evident to justify fanning into greater flame this movement for industrial democracy.

Ten days of waiting won the "strikers'" battle. Secretly their leaders had begun to fear that actual cessation of duties might be necessary for all directors' meetings gave out the reiterated doleful report of "no action taken," when suddenly it was announced that Ito would resign. His action, it is true, was qualified by his insistence that it was "on condition that the men discharged by him should not return," but to the Dokokai it was enough that Ito had been expelled. Furthermore, it is understood that many of the old managers are to be reinstated without loss of seniority.

The men have won. The new style strike has proved effective. In Japan, at least, there is recognition of the right of the higher employed officials to express their wishes in the management of industry. The Dokokai is firm in the belief that its success now means that managers shall share in corporate control upon a parity with capital in every case where broad policies, at least, await decision. Capital, on the other hand, believes that by sacrificing Yonejiro Ito it can cut the ground away from managerial participation, especially, if it refrains from stirring up new issues.

Is Monogamy Feasible?

The stenographic report of the speeches at the Third Nation dinner is being reprinted, in a limited edition, in response to numerous requests. The speakers who discussed the feasibility of monogamy were Dr. A. A. Goldenweiser, Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, Mr. Floyd Dell, and Miss Freda Kirchwey.

The 450 New Yorkers who were not able to secure seats, as well as our subscribers throughout the country, will welcome this verbatim report of the meeting.

Price 35 cents. Order from The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

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MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXX, No. 3110 WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1925

TRIMBLERIGG

A BOOK OF REVELATION

By Laurence Housman

A THIN mask conceals the identity of a famous English political giant whose risky adventures of the spirit are portrayed with a delicious cutting humor. "It is a racy and remarkable book, audacious, and handled with a disarming lightness."—*London Times.* "A satire, and a terrific one . . . on a civilization which can allow its destinies to be dictated by a film-star. . . . It deserves to be widely read by Americans."—*Saturday Review.* $2.50

By the author of ONE LITTLE BOY

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Midwinter Book Section

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1925

Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana

By ELI SIEGEL

Quiet and green was the grass of the field,
The sky was whole in brightness,
And O, a bird was flying, high, there in the sky,
So gently, so carelessly and fairly.
Here, once, Indians shouted in battle,
And moaned after it.
Here were cries, yells, night, and the moon over these men,
And the men making the cries and yells; it was
Hundreds of years ago, when monks were in Europe,
Monks in cool, black monasteries, thinking of God, studying Virgil;
Monks were in Europe, a land having an ocean, miles of water, between
It and this land, America, possessing Montana.
(New York, Vermont, New Mexico, America has too.)
Indians, Indians went through Montana,
Thinking, feeling, trying pleasurably to live.
This land, shone on by the sun now, green, quiet now
Was under their feet, this time; we live now and it is hundreds of years after.
Montana, thou art, and I say thou art, as once monks said of God,
And thought, too: Thou art.
Thou hast Kansas on thy side;
Kansas is in the newspapers, talked of by men;
Idaho thou hast, and far away, Singapore, Alabama, Brazil.
That bird over this green, under that sun, God, how sweet and graceful it is!
Could we ever do that? Machines that fly are clumsy and ugly;
Birds go into the air so softly, so fairly; see its curves; Earth!
In Montana, men eat and have bodies paining them
Because they eat.
Kansas, with Montana, in America, has, too, men pained by their eating,
So has England, with Westminster Abbey, where poets lie, dead now;
O, what their poetry can do; what poetry can do.
There is the brain of man, a soft, puzzling, weak affair;
Lord, the perfect green of this meadow.
Look at the pure heat and light of that big sun,
And the cleanness of the sky.
Night comes, night has come.
Was not Montana here in the Middle Ages, when old Rome was at its oldest, when
Aristotle wrote,
In Greece, Greece by the Aegean, with the Mediterranean near?
Indians killed each other here,
With the moon over them.
Indians killed each other near Cape Cod, near Boston, in Louisiana too.
It was before white men came from England, to see them; the white men were seen by them.
Snows have been here, in Montana, while the Indians have been.
Girls are in Helena, mines are in Helena,
Men work in them painfully and long for the bodies of girls;
And long for much more that is in the world, in thee, Earth.
Men, work, suffer, are little, ugly, too.
O, mountains are in Montana,
The Rocky Mountains are in California, Utah, Colorado, Montana.
Indians were here, too, by rivers, in these mountains, lived in mountains.
Europe has its Paris, and men live there; Stendhal, Rabelais, Gautier, Hume were there.
God, what is it man can do?
There are millions of men in the world, and each is one man,
Each is one man by himself, taking care of himself all the time, and changing other men and being changed by them;
The quiet of this afternoon is strange, haunting, awful;
Hear that buzzing in the hot grass, coming from live things; and those crows' cries from somewhere;
There is a sluggish, sad brook near here too.
The bird is gone now, so graceful, fair as it was,
And the sky has nothing but the brightness of air in it,
The clean color of air.
The sun makes it be afternoon here;
In Paris and Sumatra, it is night;
Dark Malays are in lands by the Indian Ocean,
An ocean there is we call the Indian;
Men went to these Malays near the Indian Ocean, in the eighteenth century, in frigates and ships-of-the-line;
And men living here are Indians, too.
O, the cry of the Indian in battle, hundreds of years ago, in woods, in plains, in mountains;
War might have been seen once in this meadow, now in green, now hot;
Hundreds of years ago it might have been seen, and tens of years, and a thousand.
There was love among Indians; there is love in Paris, Moscow, London, and New York.
Men have been in war, ever,
And men have thought, and written books, about war, love, and mind.
Mist comes in this earth,
And there have been sad, empty, pained, longing souls going through mist.
O, the green in mist that is to be seen in the world.
And time goes on, the world is moving, all of it, so time goes on in this world.

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It is now a hot, quiet afternoon in Montana,
Montana with the Rocky Mountains;
Virginia with the Allegheny Mountains:
(Indians ambushed Braddock in the Alleghany Mountains; the woods, once quiet, once dark,
Sounded sharply and deeply with cries, moans, and shots; Washington was there;
Washington Irving wrote of Washington, so did Frenchmen who knew Voltaire;
In 1755, Braddock was ambushed and died, and then, in Paris men and women, wrote of philosophy, who were elegant, witty, and thought spirit was of matter; say Diderot, Helvetius, and Madame du Deffand; Samuel Johnson was in London then; Pitt was in England; men lived in Montana, Honolulu, Argentina, and near the Cape of Good Hope; O, Life of Man, O, Earth; Earth, again and again!)
And there have been hot afternoons, all through time, history as men say;
Hot afternoons have been in Montana.
There have been hot afternoons, and quiet, soft, lovely twilights; Gray, Collins, Milton wrote of these;
There have been hot afternoons in quiet English churchyards, and hot afternoons in America, in Montana; and green everywhere and bright sky; there are deserts in Africa, America, and Australia;
Clear air is healthful; men go to Colorado, near Wyoming, near Montana in the mountains, sick men go to the mountains where Indians once lived, fought and killed each other.
O, the love of bodies, O, the pains of bodies on hot, quiet afternoons, everywhere in the world.
Men work in factories on hot afternoons, now in Montana, and now in New Hampshire; walk the streets of Boston on hot afternoons;
Novels, stupid and forgot, have been written in afternoons;
Matinees of witty comedies in London and New York are in afternoons;
Indians roamed here, in this green field, on quiet, hot afternoons, in years now followed by hundreds of years.
Hot afternoons are real; afternoons are; places, things, thoughts, feelings are; poetry is;
The world is waiting to be known; Earth, what it has in it! The past is in it;
All words, feelings, movements, words, bodies, clothes, girls, trees, stones, things of beauty, books, desires are in it; and all are to be known;
Afternoons have to do with the whole world;
And the beauty of mind, feeling knowingly the world!
The world of girls' beautiful faces, bodies and clothes, quiet afternoons, graceful birds, great words, tearful music, mind-joying poetry, beautiful livings, loved things, known things; a to-be-used and known and pleasure-to-be giving world.

Out of four thousand manuscripts submitted to The Nation's *poetry contest the editors have awarded the prize to Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana. The author, Eli Siegel, writes that he has never before published a poem; that he was born at Dvinsk in Russia, came to America when he was three years old, and is now twenty-two; and that he works as a printer in Baltimore, where he attended high school but received no further formal education. Among the poems submitted honorable mention is made of those by Frank Ernest Hill, Robert Wolf, Clement Wood, Joseph Auslander, Babette Deutsch, and Maxwell Bodenheim. Mr. Hill's poem will appear in the next issue of* The Nation, *and others later on. In this connection announcement is made that all those contributors whose poems were accepted for payment at the usual rates have been notified; anyone not notified to date is therefore possessed of full rights to his poem. The reader is referred to an editorial in the present issue on the subject of prize poems.*

D. H. Lawrence*

By EDWIN MUIR

MR. LAWRENCE'S most obviously striking quality as a writer is a kind of splendor, not of the spirit, nor of the mind, but of the senses and the instincts. His spirit is exalted only when it takes fire from his senses; his mind follows the fluctuations of his desires, intellectualizing them, not operating in its own right. But his senses can be set alight by anything natural. They reach far, downwards and upwards, and they drink joy from everything they touch. The sun and moon, the sea, trees and flowers, animals, sex, instinctive love and hatred—of all these he has written in a new way, and as if he were not their observer but a mystical sharer in their being. They absorb him into themselves while he writes, but having absorbed him they give him all their riches, suffusing his senses, and through them his mind and soul, with a confused magic which is purely of the earth. So it is often difficult in reading him to tell whether his magic is a satisfaction of his being or a bondage; whether he is exercising it or is in its power. His novels produce always a double impression—of a breaking through, and of an imprisonment in the strange and beautiful, but subterranean, realm to which he has broken through. From this subterranean place he sees a far richer world than others do who are content with the light of day. His trees and flowers he seems to see almost from the inside; they have an interior glow and a violence of being which could only be rendered by one who by an unconditional act of imagination entered into their life. Mr. Lawrence's imagination has done this so completely that it has never entirely come out again. There seems nothing natural which it cannot enter into, either in nature or in the instinctive life of men and women. It recoils

* This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with those younger authors of today who are in the process of becoming established. Essays will follow on Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, and others.

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solely before the things in which the imagination has till now found its chief inspiration: the conscious life of mankind, ordinary relations and problems, the tragedy and comedy of life as we know it. Mr. Lawrence has deepened these for us, but he has also dived beneath them so far that in effect he ignores them. And that is because he is on the side of the instincts, and against all the forms, emasculated or deformed, in which they can be manifested in a civilized society. His view of life is one-sided in a magnificent and obvious way, like the instincts, or like nature.

This one-sidedness, however, is the chief source of his strength as well as of his weakness. It is his identification of himself with nature which gives him that extraordinary knowledge of natural potencies which seems occult to more rational minds. This identification is so close that in describing nature he cannot write merely like one who sees with his eyes and his imagination but rather like one whose whole being, whose blood, lusts, instincts, and senses are ecstatically sharing in the life of the thing described. We smell and touch the objects he describes, and he makes us feel such things as heat and cold, growth and decay, more vividly than any other writer has ever done. His landscapes are vivid not because they are visually clear but because they are intensely apprehended by all the senses together, as if there were between Mr. Lawrence and nature an unspoken masonic understanding. They are peculiarly radiant and full, yet dreamlike, as if they were reflected not in the mind but in the blood.

Even his most rapid descriptions have this dreamlike quality. When in "The Boy in the Bush" Jack Grant rides after the kangaroo we do not see the gray scrub, the gray-white sand, the yellow light as vividly as Mr. Masefield would have made us see them, and Mr. Forster would have given us a clearer impression of movement and flying trees. With Mr. Lawrence, on the other hand, we pass through a very vivid but rather vague experience in which we seem to see something in Jack Grant passing into the landscape, and something in the landscape passing into him. This out- and in-flowing communicates to everything a heightened life; the substance of experience is changed as if by alchemy. A communication has been established, a number of potencies have been released, and these alter everything. The horses which follow Ursula Brangwen over the wet field in "The Rainbow" give us the same feeling. They are not visual entities merely, nor are they psychological ideas in Ursula's mind. They are rather instincts which have suddenly become articulate, and which communicate with Ursula through the unconscious language of identification and repulsion—the two great forces which in their many forms Mr. Lawrence has described again and again in his novels and poems. For this unconscious communication all his characters strive; it is their ecstasy and fulfilment, and the intellect has hardly any part in it. On this field everything in his novels happens. He has not deliberately sought it out for description. On the contrary, it is plainly the realm of consciousness which he can best describe.

Nature he comprehends mainly through identification: mankind he comprehends almost as much by repulsion. What he understands in his characters is not the qualities which make up their personalities but rather the thing which arouses this unconscious attraction or repulsion: their natural foundation, healthy or the reverse. He apprehends this exactly and subtly, with an unconscious knowledge which men in cultivating their intellects have almost lost, and the remaining remnants of which they distrust. But he trusts this unconscious knowledge more than anything else. The responses of his instincts are not to him merely phenomena to be judged by the mind; they are truths whose force is conclusive. What he tells us about his characters is simply what these responses tell him.

It is difficult to define what that is. But if we were to grant that the instinctive body of man had an outline of its own, forming a large and fluctuating envelope surrounding his actual body, then that would be what Mr. Lawrence habitually describes. Action arises in his novels when the instinctive field of one character impinges on that of another, producing something like an electric shock. Two vital principles are enraged, violated, or glorified by each other, while the mind looks on and knows its irrelevance. Thus fate in Mr. Lawrence's novels is woven not by character but by instincts which color character and sometimes seem independent of it. He has described these as they have never been described before. He shows them in all their states: in their insatiability, their almost mystical peace when they are at rest, their cunning which makes them move crookedly to their goal, their acrid surrender when they are finally defeated, their wisdom which is like that of a being of vast experience.

His problem as an artist was to present clearly this drama of the instincts. In reckoning up his success and failure one must take account not only of his achievement but of the difficulties of his task. These were enormous. He had to translate into a conscious thing, language, states which are fluid and unconscious, and cannot be directly denoted.

He tried to do this by employing a peculiarly telepathic style, a style which does not render things so much as the feeling of things. Sometimes merely an unavailing struggle with language, a senselessly repeated assault which does not break through, this style has splendid moments when it sets the object before us in the full glow of its aura. His dialogue is a graph of the movements of the instincts: it does not depict character nor define situation. Like his narrative style, it has an underlying content, suggested by the words but not contained in them; and that is the most important thing. So his characters sometimes say things which as conscious statement are absurd, while as delineation of the unconscious they are true. In "The Rainbow," for example, Skrebensky's "heart grew smaller, it began to fuse like a bead. He knew he would die." But he does not die, he is not even at a supreme crisis in his life; Mr. Lawrence takes him through many more crises of the same kind. Again, in "The Boy in the Bush" Jack Grant "could feel his body, the English cool body of his being, slowly melting down and being invaded by a new tropical quality. Sometimes he said to himself, he was sweating his soul away. That was how it felt: as if he were sweating his soul away. And he let his soul go, let it melt away out of his wet hot body." Yet in the next sentence there is no sign of this tremendous change. Things like these happen constantly in Mr. Lawrence's novels, and they are bad: they show that he has not found the indisputable form for his thought. But there is a justification in imagination for them; they are true to the workings of the instincts. For the instincts are concerned only, so far as we know, with absolutes. They recognize only things like life and its opposite. For a frustration or an insurmountable

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obstacle they have only a word like death. And so, in delineating the instincts, it was a fine stroke of imagination to omit the conditional, which only belongs to conscious life, and to set absolute against absolute, life against death, stating both opposites in their full power, and indicating in the fluctuating line through which they flow into each other the line of life. The outline which emerges is not that of life as we know it, but it is something which deeply corresponds to that.

Mr. Lawrence, then, secures his effect thus far, though in a manner which commits him to an almost habitual exaggeration. He shows us the life of the instincts. But he has never shown us an instinct colored by the personality which it occupies: he has never drawn a complete character. We remember the scenes in his novels; we forget the names of his men and women. We should not know any of them if we were to meet them in the street, as we should know Anna Karenina, or Crevel, or even Soames Forsyte. We never ask ourselves whether they would have done this or that; we have never met people like them, or rather everybody we have met is, at a certain unpredictable level, like them. They are not men and women; they are male and female. They all love in the same way, or at most in two or three ways. Any of them can become one of the others at one of those crises in Mr. Lawrence's novels when everything is dissolved in instinct. Jack Grant is the good, natural man in "The Boy in the Bush," Easu, the bad; yet Jack is often given Easu's emotions, and becomes Easu when he is directly opposed to him, reaching identification through hatred.

Thus character in Mr. Lawrence's novels is always melting into instinct, and human nature into nature pure and simple. He does outline a struggle, vague and obsessed, between the humanly acquired characteristics of his characters and instinct, but that struggle would be infinitely more moving if the two sides were more equally balanced. He was right in making the struggle vague, for it is vague; it has not the clarity which moralists and theologians have given it. But he was wrong in not stating more impressively the second factor, as essential as the first. In that he shows most clearly his chief limitation: his necessity to be always on one side, and to realize it so intensely that he becomes blind to the other. So he is unfair to everything conscious—to civilization, the mind, character, in all of which art finds so much of its subject-matter. He has written about these in his essays, but he has never brought them into his art. He desires, one sometimes feels, to build up again on the basis of the instincts all that has already been built up, partly on them and partly on other things. He hates the intellect when it is free and working by its own laws, for he wishes it to be an extension, perhaps a sublimation, of the instincts, and to say over again in a different language what they say. So he has little appreciation of the mind, the soul and character, in themselves. He shows us one marvelous province of life, but not, like the great artists, life itself.

The tragedy in his novels is a tragedy not of outward misfortune, nor of personality, but rather of subterranean defeat. The agonized breaking of an instinct against an obstacle too strong for it is a recurring motive. In "England, My England," the young wife "prayed beside the bed of her child. And like the mother with the seven swords in her breast, slowly her heart of pride and passion died in her breast, bleeding away. Slowly it died, bleeding away, and she turned to the church for comfort, to Jesus, to the Mother of God, but most of all to that great and enduring institution, the Roman Catholic Church. She withdrew into the shadow of the church. She was a mother with three children. But in her soul she died, her heart of pride and passion and desire bled to death, her soul belonged to the church, her body belonged to her duties as a mother." That is not Mr. Lawrence at his best. I have quoted it because it is rather a melodious echo of a score of other scenes where his extraordinary powers are most clearly shown. It is clear that the tragedy described in it is not fully human for the simple reason that when the unconscious powers of the character are exhausted there is no conscious power left to carry on the struggle. The will is not merely weak and inarticulate, it is in abeyance; it does not come into action. To this tremendous extent the tragedy in Mr. Lawrence's novels fails in significance. It is a tragedy almost purely of nature rather than of human nature; it might befall a lion caged or a tree mutilated as easily as a human being thwarted in his unconscious desires. It is new in literature, it is sometimes very beautiful, but it has not the full significance of human tragedy.

The revolt against the forms of conscious life was in Mr. Lawrence's work at the beginning. It was only formulated intellectually in his later works. But the formulation did not mark a true development; it did not enrich and clarify his art, but rather made it didactic. His vision is not more lucid now than it was in "The Rainbow"; his philosophy is only more set and clear. That philosophy, in other words, has not been fused with his art, it has been arbitrarily imposed upon it. So we have a novel like "Kangaroo," which is mostly loose discussion, and a tale like "The Captain's Doll," which is falsified to point a moral. More and more Mr. Lawrence's theories are encroaching on his art, and pushing it out. And this misfortune was bound to happen, simply because his art has never attained clarity in itself, and therefore something possessing clarity had to be set alongside it to illumine it. Through an inner weakness, or that negligence which he dignifies into arrogance, Mr. Lawrence has not brought his art to its perfection; and he theorizes because there is something which he cannot see clearly enough to describe.

There remain his gifts, splendid in their imperfection, thrown recklessly into a dozen books, fulfilling themselves in none. His chief title to greatness is that he has brought a new mode of seeing into literature, a new beauty which is also one of the oldest things in the world. It is the beauty of the ancient instinctive life which civilized man has almost forgotten. Mr. Lawrence has picked up a thread of life left behind by mankind; and at some time it will be woven in with the others, making human life more complete, as all art tends to do. He has written of what he has rediscovered as only a great writer could. Life has come to him fresh from the minting at a time when it seemed to every one either soiled or banal. He has many faults, and many of these are wilful. He has not fulfilled the promise shown in "Sons and Lovers" and "The Rainbow." He has not submitted himself to any discipline. But if he has not written any completely satisfying work, he has written in almost all his books more greatly than any other English writer of his time. And, what is perhaps most important, he has awakened our minds to the existence of a new realm of consciousness, in which his successors may find riches of supreme value.

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Artist Life in the United States*

By MARY AUSTIN

THE only consideration which justifies a reopening of the problem of artist life in the United States is the one imposed upon the artist by the success here, in so far as universal acceptance of an idea guarantees success, of the democratic idea that one person's opinion on any subject is as good as another's. That consideration is perhaps best expressed by my being asked, under conditions which would preclude my making a deeply thought and completely expressive communication upon the subject, to contribute to this symposium. For what is a symposium of this sort but the throwing of the artist's own concept of his life and its obligations to the ravening lions of unspecialized opinion? There is no subject in the world requiring so highly specialized an endowment if it is to be competently discussed, and there is no country in the world in which the artist's need for specialized criterions is so unsatisfied. This, I should say, constitutes the chief hazard of artist life in America, this constant exposure to an interested but not well-informed judgment.

Outside of this, there is no country in the world today offering the artist in any field such incomparable opportunity. The literary artist in particular finds himself almost swamped by fresh and exciting material, in constant flux and sparking with vitality. He finds in the prevailing new motor impulses, in the forming and reforming of new social patterns, and in the conflicts of racial temperaments all the possible incentives to artistic adventure, and the matrix of new forms. If he lacks the contact with great examples of art forms of the past which the European artist has access to, he has, as compensation, great natural beauty, dramatic in variety and undescribed, pouring its refreshing fountains on his soul. Nothing like this undefiled contact has happened in Europe since the glory that was Greece. There is no reason to doubt that, in spite of all the other disadvantages, work of Greek proportions will emerge from it; will eventually be recognized as having been in the process of emergence in the generation in which we now write. I have small patience with that studied belittlement of the American product which is, in part, the fretfulness of alien minds incompetent to function at the level of their opportunity, and, in other part, the product of that democratic pressure which compels the artist into a half apologetic attitude toward his own calling under the penalty, should he dare to be natural and happy and serious and exalted about it, that somebody will accuse him of thinking too well of himself. I *like* my country a lot, I especially rejoice in that section of it in which the gods have ordained me to dwell, I am excited and hopeful in experimenting with the new forms which are arising spontaneously out of the normal rhythms of American life. But I am lonely at times for the lack of free social expression of artist joy, as well as of the normal discontent of the artist mind.

There is no use wasting any words on the fact that the great artist, whose genius is in advance of his age, has a bad time of it in the United States. He has always had a bad time of it, and probably always will. This is in the nature of human nature; no more profitable to talk about than the weather. It is possible that genius has modernly less difficulty in getting mere bread—one seldom hears now of genius actually starving to death. It is even on the cards that here in the United States we may develop some scientific way of dealing with genius that will, at least, make possible its full output, and preserve it until the generations grow into appreciation. But it is also quite certain that original and advanced genius can expect no more public appreciation now in America than it had in the days of Galileo. This being an ancient predicament of genius, it can be philosophically endured. What renders the artist life difficult to live here and now is the absence of dependable criterions either of direction or of achievement.

The sincere artist is always doubtful of his own work *after it is done*. While it is doing, he must feel sure of it; otherwise he would not be able to go on. But when the book is put forth he needs some sort of response by which he can measure his own work against other work, against impersonal standards of excellence, as these are viewed by impartial minds. For his complete expression of his potentiality he needs goals, sign posts, recognition other than his own, of his progress in authentic directions. And these, precisely, are the things which are oftenest lacking in the United States.

It is probable that the conditions which would foster high standards of criticism are lacking in democracy, and that the really great critic would find himself more at a loss here than the great artist is. At any rate the critics are lacking, or are insecurely documented. Here and there one finds men like Van Wyck Brooks or Carl Van Doren, deliberately steeping themselves in the American scene as a preliminary to pronouncing judgment on the art that it produces. But quite as often you find critics and reviewers aggrandizing their office out of their very poverty of native material to support it. Neither reviewing nor criticism is taken seriously enough to make it obligatory on the writer to treat them with uniform seriousness. So it happens that when I have written a sincere book out of mature American life, it is, as likely as not, reviewed by a young cub of twenty-three just out of college, or an equally immature Jew, born in a ghetto and raised on the East Side, who has to translate his thinking into English before putting it on paper. Not so long ago I wrote a book in which I put all that I have been able to discover about the next moment of American art, and had it disposed of by such a reviewer, in a rather important journal, with an opinion that has not been entertained by the English-speaking since the time of Chaucer, possibly not since the time of Richard the Lion-hearted. And I am expected to guide my future output by things like that!

One can always get a hearing on the lecture platform, yet one has only to examine the current program of the club before which one is speaking to realize that one has not been invited to expound one's point of view but to "perform" for the entertainment of the audience and to be judged by the performance.

As for goals, there are none. There are no journals into which one is admitted only for tested merit, no prizes that are not dictated chiefly by editorial policy, and no organizations, election to which carries a cachet of excellence hard won. Unless the recently organized P. E. N. should prove to be such. As for the American Academy, its silly

* This is the first of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can an artist exist and function freely in the United States? Articles by Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Willa Cather, Floyd Dell, and others are to follow.

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exclusion of women leads one instantly to suspect that a good many of the academicians might not be there if they dared to commit themselves to the standards of women writers.

The lack of these things, especially of criticism, is a serious drawback to the full and satisfying functioning of literary artistry. Nor does one quite see how in a democracy like ours, and with a mixed and unequal public like ours, these things are to be remedied. Some one with the judgment and the courage might do something by establishing awards, something like the Nobel Prize; both courage and judgment being needed to maintain adequate standards of merit against the popular notion that judgment resides in the people. Curiously, if you will question the judges of some of our popular awards, you will discover on their part a desire to satisfy the public with their choice quite as influential as the desire to make a true award. Perhaps this is one of the disadvantages of democracy which we have to take in order to enjoy its blessings. There can be no question, I think, that it pulls down the level of literary achievement perceptibly.

Personally I do not actually know that this has been the effect upon my work. For twenty-five years I have been consistently able to tell both critics and editors to look elsewhere for concessions, but I don't know whether secretly I haven't been influenced by their complete neglect of what I myself believe to be my best. Influences like this can be exceedingly subtle in their operation. What I do know is that the sense of getting no dependable help from the public spoils my temper and takes the edge off the keen joy of creation.

Books

First Glance

IN its more purely abstract portions "The Genius of Style," by W. C. Brownell (Scribner's: $2), is a profound and beautiful disquisition on the principles of art. To Mr. Brownell, as indeed to any person with the slightest philosophic instinct, "the abstract is as actual as the concrete"; principles are as real as practice; categories come before cases. The distinguished author of "French Traits" and "French Art," of "Victorian Prose Masters" and "American Prose Masters," of "Criticism" and "Standards," proceeds therefore with perfect right to rear a structure of theory on ground which he has first swept clean, in air which is undisturbed by whispers of names or currents of connotations. Deliberate, alliterative, witty, and wise, Mr. Brownell moves through at least half of his book with a pace no less admirable than sure, and makes point after point which it would be folly to controvert.

He is reluctant to define his subject, partly because he knows it to be a subtle one and partly because he fears to be understood as meaning by it something less than it altogether is. One might assemble his definition from phrases here and there. Style then might appear to be that element in art, and particularly in the art of prose, which makes for "order and movement"; which "preserves in every part some sense of the form of the whole"; which gives to "experiences and imaginings" "the coherence of character"; which "chiefly imposes upon the operation of the artistic impulse the direction and guidance of the laws of perfection"; which "exacts tension"; which is responsible in the case of any great work for "its unity in variety, its stream of harmonious but accented continuity, its totality of effect." But Mr. Brownell would not be satisfied with such a rendering. Desiring to do more than fashion phrases, he has sought what for him is the center of his subject, and in doing so he has had to consider problems both in philosophy and in psychology. The pivotal inquiry which he makes is this: How much is style a particular thing, and how much is it universal? Is it merely the way this man or that has of expressing himself, or has it an existence apart from examples? Is it an idea, an entity? There are styles; is there Style? Mr. Brownell's whole contention is that there is Style. "Nothing could be less individual than the operation of the genius of style. Consciousness recognizes it, I think, as belonging to the domain of the not-ourselves. . . . Perfection in any work of art implies correspondence with the standard set by its ideal. It is, accordingly, something external and universal, something which one may more rationally swear allegiance to than set out to subvert." Mr. Brownell allies himself here, as elsewhere, with those contemporary dualists, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, who wage uninterrupted war against the modern ego as it expresses itself in literature, art, and conduct. The spirit of style, he insists, urges to expression, not to self-expression. It is art, not nature. And its language is that "*lingua franca* of elevated endeavor" through which the various personalities of men find it agreeable to meet on common ground.

Whether all this last is true or not no one can say. Mr. Brownell himself admits that "of what is natural and what is acquired there are, in general, no statistics"; and though he invokes "the laws of perfection" he never presumes to quote them. Unfortunately, he is not so reticent when he comes finally to judge the present age—its morals as well as its art—on the evidence of its style. Whereas he glowed in the presence of ideal form, and revealed much, he flickers only faintly here, and reveals merely that he is not the man to tell our generation whither it should go. Not that he needs to like the generation; doubtless no one wholly does. But he should be willing—or able—to particularize at last. There is something laughable in his selection of a paragraph from Maurice Hewlett as an example in modern times of "incontestably pure prose." There is something suspicious in his failure so much as to mention Mr. Cabell, Miss Cather, and Mr. Galsworthy—to name no others. And there is something fatal in his dismissal of Mr. Dreiser with six contemptuous words. He has been saying quite properly that Victorian literature has only to be read to be found less rigid and dull than certain writers—he seems to imply all writers—of today suppose it to be. "Perhaps, too, that would be an unreasonable request to make of writers who, doubtless in self-protection, read only each other—with the retributive result, however, of belittling Howells, say, while extolling Mr. Dreiser. Probably Mr. Dreiser provides more thrills." This not merely betrays Mr. Brownell's ignorance of the fact that the most massive and convincing American novelist is many things more than thrilling—if he is that at all; it suggests that Mr. Brownell, doubtless in self-protection, reads only the older authors. Members of the generation will perhaps share with him his desire to see prose today grow into a richer, more beautiful instrument. As censor and counselor, however, they will feel that he has laid a hand upon them quite as dead as it is shapely.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Liquidating War Illusions

The Pan-German League, 1890-1914. By Mildred S. Wertheimer. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

Les Preuves: Le Crime de Droit Commun; Le Crime Diplomatique. By Mathias Morhardt. Paris: Librairie du Travail. 10 francs.

La Victoire. By Alfred Fabre-Luce. Paris: Éditions de la Nouvelle Révue Française. 12 francs.

DURING the period of war-time propaganda there was no more potent bogy than the Pan-German League. This was represented as an organization designed to establish the political dominion and military hegemony of Germany over the world. Citizens of California became alarmed at "the tentacles of the German octopus in America," and were in daily fear of a German occupation of the Sacramento Valley. Americans had been prepared for the psychogenesis of this pathological fear by the literature on Pan-Germanism which was appearing after 1914. There was the vague and mystical work by Roland G. Usher, in which Pan-Germanism was pictured as some impending menace to mankind like unto the potential appearance of the Antichrist. More definite and vicious were the works of André Chéradame, which, in English translation, had a wide circulation in the United States and were reverently and awesomely devoured by thousands. M. Chéradame assured his readers that a lifetime of research devoted solely to the investigation of the machinations and publications of the Pan-German League had enabled him to discover that this organization was almost wholly responsible for the coming of the World War, and that for a quarter of a century it had been carrying on, at the command of the Kaiser and the German Government, a relentless propaganda among Germans throughout the world systematically organizing them for the great onslaught of 1914. The fact of the gradual demonstration that the responsibility of the German civil government for the war was relatively slight has not seemed to daunt Chéradame, as he has but recently published a work embodying the same attitude and charges, claiming that German failure in regard to reparation payments is but the work of the sinister group that plunged Europe into the abyss ten years ago last July.

Miss Wertheimer's book is a painstaking and impartial investigation into all the relevant facts concerning the actual nature and activities of the Pan-German League, and is characteristically disruptive of the war-time mythology. It is one of the earlier products of the studies in modern nationalism being executed under the direction of Carlton J. H. Hayes at Columbia University, and we may well hope that many others as illuminating will follow.

The author treats of the origins, constitution, membership, ideals, methods, activities, and influence of the League. The League was organized by Dr. Ernst Haase, a naive, well-meaning, but overexuberant patriot. He was a university professor, first of statistics and later of German colonial politics. The membership was drawn chiefly from German academic, professional, and business men. The high-water mark of its membership was reached in 1901, when it could boast of but 21,924 regular members, with a loose formal affiliation of 130,000 others belonging to sympathetic organizations. By 1912 the membership had declined to about 17,000. As compared with the Navy League, which had in 1908 a membership of over 1,000,000, and the National Security League, which in 1912 had enrolled 40,000 members and had over 100,000 affiliated, the Pan-German League was numerically rather insignificant. Its theoretical aims were also less directly belligerent and less directed toward the increase of armament. They are well summarized in the constitution, and indicate clearly enough that the chief purpose of the League was nationalistic and patriotic "education" and "agitation."

As is the case, however, with all such organizations, their mystical and educational aims soon degenerated in practice to eulogy of militarism, war, and national aggression. The books recommended to readers of the *Alldeutsche Blätter* were the conventional patriotic jingo literature glorifying war and German nationality. Miss Wertheimer's exposure of the League's methods and activities is more illuminating as an excursion into patriotic organization and agitation than as a proof of anything specially diabolical in this particular German expression of the nationalistic spirit. She concludes that, on the whole, its influence on the German Government was in inverse proportion to its noise.

Far from being the official publicity agency of Wilhelmstrasse, it apparently had about as much influence on the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg as our own kindred organizations, the National Security League and the American Defense Society, had on Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan. Miss Wertheimer points out that in one respect the League differed from patriotic organizations in other countries; it tried to foster unity of sentiment among Germans throughout the world. But this is probably to be explained on the ground of special circumstances. The United States and France possessed no great body of emigrants to exhort, and British emigrants were for the most part settled within the British Empire.

Mathias Morhardt's work is the most damaging indictment yet drawn of Poincaré and his alleged primary responsibility for the outbreak of the World War. This charge has been explicitly made by Gouttenoire de Toury and other French liberals, and served to draw from Poincaré his official defense in his work on "The Origins of the War." But those earlier attacks were less thoroughly documented than this one. Morhardt's study is based upon the latest documentary evidence, and his conclusion as to the dominating part played by Poincaré emerges logically from his analysis. In general his position is the one which has come to be accepted in a broad way by all revisionist scholars, namely, that Austria was willing to risk a general European war in order to punish Serbia; that Germany encouraged her in action against Serbia until a general war seemed likely, and then made vain effort to check Hötzendorff and the Austrian war group; that the Russian general mobilization actually precipitated the war, but that the Russians would never have dared to act without the ardent incitement and encouragement of Poincaré. He does not, perhaps, stress enough the fact that Austria and Germany never desired a general European war, but that this was exactly what France and Russia actually aimed to bring about. In addition to his special animus against Poincaré, the most notable aspects of Morhardt's review are his impressive case against Serbia, in which he almost agrees with Hans Delbrück that the Austrian action was justified, and his discussion of the Italian peace proposal of July, 1914. He certainly demonstrates for all time the fallacy of our war-time view of Serbia as an innocent and cringing penitent brutally and wantonly bullied by a more powerful neighbor. Even more important is Morhardt's exposition of the failure of the Entente Powers to avail themselves of the ingenious Italian plans for mediation and the settlement of the Austro-Serbian difficulties, a point which has not been sufficiently emphasized by the revisionist scholars and one which is very damaging to the case for the Allies.

The evidence against Poincaré, as primarily responsible for the aggressive action of Russia, seems to the reviewer entirely convincing and substantiated, though too much is made of the mere fact that Poincaré visited Russia in July, 1914. The visit had been planned long before the assassination of the Archduke, though this does not refute Morhardt's contention that the cause of peace would have been advanced if he had remained in Paris. Morhardt raises the interesting question as to why Poincaré, who personally has influenced the events of history more than any other man who has yet lived, should refuse publicly to claim this distinction. He contends that Poincaré, like Izvolski, was at the outset not disinclined to assume responsibility for the war, but that its unexpected duration and the terrible losses to France later turned his boastful attitude into one of fear and evasion.

The work of the brilliant young Frenchman, Alfred Fabre-

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Luce, is of a different plan and scope from that of Morhardt. It not only presents an admirable analysis of the precipitation of the World War but sketches the diplomatic history of Europe from 1870 to 1914, and concludes with a masterly review and critique of the Allied policy in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles. It is unquestionably the best single-volume French work which has been published on the general subject of the background and results of the World War, and the most objective bit of work yet done in France on this subject, with the sole exception of the writings of Renouvin.

In his brief but competent and penetrating survey of pre-war diplomacy Fabre-Luce brings out little which is not to be found in Gooch, with whom he is in essential agreement on the point that it was the system or complex of militarism, nationalism, imperialism, and secret diplomacy which was responsible for the impasse of 1914 and not the diplomatic methods or aggressive aims of any single European Power. His treatment takes into account rather more than that of Gooch the various psychological and other forces lying back of the specific diplomatic maneuvers.

As to origins, he comes to a discriminating but thorough acceptance of the revisionist viewpoint. He agrees essentially with Morhardt as to the primary responsibility of Poincaré for Russian courage and aggression. He concludes that after Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg there was "slight chance of averting the war." Before Poincaré possessed the slightest knowledge of the impending demands of Austria on Serbia he gave Russia a free hand to do as she pleased in the crisis and promised French aid. Further, France did not in any way attempt to restrain the Russian mobilization, which the French authorities knew would mean certain war, but merely counseled as great secrecy as possible in order that more time might be gained on Germany. His general conclusion is probably the best epigrammatic summary which has yet been devised to envisage the whole truth: "The acts of Germany and Austria made the war possible; those of the Triple Entente made it inevitable."

His criticism of the post-war policy of the Allies, and particularly of France, is both trenchant and constructive. It is an unusually forceful and convincing development of the theme that the Entente won the war but lost the peace. He sharply criticizes, though he indicates that he is cognizant of the point of view of its exponents, the policy of revenge and force which has been applied to Germany since 1918. Already the author of the best book on the question as to how this policy has disrupted the Anglo-French Entente, he shows further how it has increased French indebtedness, weakened German pacifism and democracy, strengthened German militarism and the revenge spirit, and alienated the more thoughtful opinion of the world. He presents a strong plea for the strengthening of the League of Nations, and exploits in a forceful manner the lessons of pre-war diplomacy as proof that nothing short of this can preserve world peace. While admitting that the war-time slogan of a "war to end all war" was pure hypocrisy as far as the facts of the origins of the war are concerned, he contends justly that unless it is made an actuality through a world organization the war will have been nothing but a colossal waste with no positive gains whatever.

These books represent the best scholarly opinion at present in regard to war origins, and we shall await Professor Fay's work for a complete synthesis of the matter. The only fact of any great importance not here brought out is the growing seriousness of the case which is being made against Sir Edward Grey. Already Ernest F. Henderson and Hermann Lutz have shown the reviewer's opinion as expressed in the May *Current History* to have been excessively kind to that statesman, and we may confidently expect that the investigation of the English archives by Temperley and Gooch will be likely to make his declining years even more justly uncomfortable. The opinions of Loreburn and Morel are already vindicated.

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The Greatest Navigator

Magellan: A General Account of His Life and Times and Remarkable Adventures by Land and by Sea. By Arthur Sturges Hildebrand. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

CRITICISM in these days is highly analytical. Nothing escapes the probe and much light is breaking. Romancers in history, in art, in religion, in science must look sharp for their laurels, the laurels of their heroes. The great Magellan, like all the rest, passes under this potent searchlight with the result that he can be proclaimed no more the first circumnavigator of the world, despite this book and its jacket.

Mr. Hildebrand attempts no analysis. Admitting that there are wide gaps in the sources, he has made no effort to fill any of them with new data. He follows well the standard authorities on the subject, but he takes them all raw, as it were, and it is difficult to find any improvement on the excellent life by Guillemard except that the style is more picturesque, more racy. At the same time it appears a trifle breathless and staccato. Mr. Hildebrand does, however, carry the reader along with a fine, breezy enthusiasm; and his knowledge and love of the sea and boats prevent him from making blunders in that direction—in fact add much to the vim of the narrative. All in all we see in his pages Magellan as a real, outstanding figure of his time.

Mr. Hildebrand, leaning on Guillemard, on Robertson's "Pigafetta," on Navarette, and the others in that field, announces blithely: "My conclusions must necessarily form a part of the story, but the first circumnavigation of the world, surely, takes no account of the process by which I have arrived at them." So he offers no notes, no references, and no index. Furthermore, he declares somewhat contemptuously: "the scholarly attitude cramps romance, and leaves knots in the thread of the narrative. When the scholars have wearied of discussion the fact remains that this ship went around the world."

Very well. What ship? The Victoria. This was the only ship of Magellan's that went around the world, the smallest of the three that crossed the Pacific, and Magellan was not on board at the finish. It seems clear then that whether we are scholarly, or just romantic like Mr. Hildebrand, we must concede that the evidence so far presented is no fair warrant for bestowing on Magellan the title of first circumnavigator, and we are obliged to "cramp romance" to the extent of establishing the facts in the case.

The fact seems to be then, whether agreeable or not, that Sebastian del Cano, the Basque under-officer who successfully navigated the Victoria to the home port, San Lucar, from the Philippines after Magellan's career so ignominiously collapsed there in a foolish fracas with natives, worthily wins first honors. His chief, arriving at the Philippines, had not made a closure in longitude as so vigorously has been asserted and as is repeated in Mr. Hildebrand's book.

There is at present no evidence to prove that Magellan ever arrived at the Spice Islands (coming the other way under Albuquerque), thus achieving the necessary closure in longitude. Mr. Hildebrand, to be sure, states positively that Magellan was twice at the Spice Islands, but he advances no proof and I have been unable to find any. Clements R. Markham declared in a letter to the *Athenaeum* (September 30, 1911): "Of course anyone is free to consider Magellan, or Drake, or Cook, or anybody else, to be the first circumnavigator. Still the facts of history are stubborn things. Sebastian del Cano, without any doubt whatever, was the first circumnavigator." Magellan was a close friend, as well as a relative, of Francisco Serrano (Serrão), who was eight years in the Spice Islands (Moluccas) and who wrote Magellan a number of letters from there. It was these letters that gave Magellan his information on the islands—information which he used in his arguments for the expedition before the king of Spain. It has been stated, first of all by the priest Argensola in his history of the Moluccas, that Magellan commanded one of the ships sent by Albuquerque to the Spice Islands; but this is an error. His name appears nowhere in the list of officers, men, and attaches.

It was to reach these Spice Islands by sailing west that Magellan's expedition was dispatched by Spain, yet when he arrived in the latitude of the islands he continued northwest instead of making for the islands direct, aiming at China and hitting the Philippines. Various reasons are advanced, which cannot be analyzed here, for this departure from the king's orders, but he had been ignoring orders ever since he had left Spain safely behind. Being a Portuguese himself he was ordered, for example, to take no more than five Portuguese along; he took thirty. He then deposed Spaniards and installed his special Portuguese friends in their places, breeding thus more ill-feeling between the two nationalities and, partly at least, causing the mutiny of three of the ships at the winter harbor he named San Julian.

Mr. Hildebrand picturesquely ascribes the mutiny to the machinations of the king of Portugal (disappointed at not being able to persuade Magellan to return and head a Portuguese expedition) through a certain spy named Sebastian Alvarez. There may be some basis for this. At any rate there was much discontent and dissatisfaction on the part of officers and crews at the prospect ahead. Perhaps some of it was due to fear of the unknown. The mutiny was quelled by severe measures and Magellan proceeded to the task which he declared he was determined to complete or die in the attempt.

One ship, the Santiago, had been wrecked; another, the San Antonio, the chief pilot Gomez got away with at the Strait and sailed back to Spain. Gomez was a Portuguese, but he disapproved of Magellan's methods, especially at the winter harbor. Markham says "Magellan was a hard man, unfeeling, and tactless"; but, on the other hand, Pigafetta, who was with him on the long voyage, while he says that the Spanish captains hated him exceedingly also declared: "He was more constant than anyone else in the greatest of adversity. He endured hunger better than all the others, and more accurately than any man in the world did he understand sea charts and navigation."

Magellan had studied all the charts and maps possible for him to see, and we may be obliged to concede further that he had some information on the great Strait before starting to find it. Such a strait is shown on the globe of Johann Schöner of the date 1515, five years before the voyage; and Pigafetta states that the captain-general "knew where to sail to find a well-hidden strait, which he saw depicted on a map in the treasury of the king of Portugal, which was made by that excellent man Martin Boemia [Behaim]."

Having denied Magellan's right to the title of first circumnavigator, we may turn to an estimate of him as a navigator and explorer. Robertson declares him "the greatest navigator, perhaps, of the modern age." We may go that far, and even farther. He was the greatest navigator of any age, unless we except Columbus, for he not only sailed almost the entire length and breadth of the Atlantic, found the Strait, and navigated it successfully; he crossed successfully for the first time the widest expanse of sea on the globe. In sailing skill, in boldness, in perseverance, and in mental as well as physical endurance, this feat has never been surpassed; never been equaled. And it never can be equaled. There is only one other to rank beside Magellan: Columbus—unless we turn back in history about five hundred years before Columbus for a third, Leif Ericcson the Norwegian. Mr. Hildebrand gives the absorbing story of this man's life with all the romance and drama that belong to it and, in the main, he faithfully reflects the leading sources; he simply fails to add anything new.

Last summer he essayed boldly to widen his own experience in navigation by following Ericcson's track across the North Atlantic to the Greenland coast in a small vessel named Leif Ericcson. He has not been heard from since passing southern Greenland.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

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Getting the News. By William S. Maulsby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.
Some Magazines and Magazine Makers. By John E. Drewry. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.

So great is the output of books relating to the press and its shining lights that one begins to wonder if a sudden self-consciousness has not overtaken the profession which in late years has been subject to such severe criticism. Certainly the founding of the Society of Newspaper Editors, which has just learned the interesting news from Calvin Coolidge himself that the American press is the best in the world—have we anything that is not the best in the world?—is gratifying evidence that certain editors of dailies have come to realize that they must have their code of ethics and must begin to reckon with the tremendous loss of public confidence which is theirs. The appointment of a committee of that society to deal with all critics of the press hereafter is pleasant proof that the hired ones at least are getting restive and some of the proprietors, too. No one can fail to applaud every effort the Society makes to prevent further decay, to recover lost ground, and, perhaps, to offset the steady drift toward materialism and the commercialism which is now beginning to show itself in our tabloid picture dailies. These are springing up so rapidly, and achieving such extraordinary prosperity overnight, as to menace anew the hope for an instructed democracy in our great cities.

Of the books before us, two are contributions of great merit, indispensable to all who would make a thoroughgoing study of the press and its ethics. Professor Salmon's "The Newspaper and Authority" is a companion-piece to her "The Newspaper and the Historian," and like it presents a mass of information collected by tireless industry and discriminating scholarship; it ought to become a textbook wherever students of journalism gather. Herein is not only much good history of the relations of government to the press in the past, and especially during the World War, but also a thoroughgoing study of the theory of censorship, its effects and workings, with one chapter wholly devoted to punitive censorship both during and before the war, and one on the freedom of the press which President Coolidge might have done well to read before his address to the editors. Certainly if our editors had been steeped in Miss Salmon's studies of the censorships of the past they would not so easily have yielded to that complete war-time domination which, although the press will not admit it, has been one of the great factors in the American public's loss of faith in the dailies. The failure of that censorship, here and abroad, to display the slightest modicum of intelligence, even from the point of view of authority's own interests, led to the press's being packed with lies, misrepresentations, garbling propaganda, and deliberate falsification both of public documents and of the facts concerning the enemy countries. All the papers on both sides invented atrocities; all abused, vilified, and maligned to a degree that has only partially been revealed by the confessions of Sir Philip Gibbs and in the "Secrets of Crewe House."

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Thursday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

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ALVIN JOHNSON—A Survey of Capitalistic Economy.
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Monday, 5.30—6.30 P. M.
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No wonder Miss Salmon points out that the authority of the state is the greatest antagonist to the press. Yet it was to its greatest antagonist that the press surrendered without a shot in 1917, and it is to that authority, even now in peace time, that it bends its knee, permitting itself to be the medium of official propaganda, often from the lips of the President himself—concealing the source then by such misleading or lying phrases as "it was stated by high authority," "from one in a position to know," "from a spokesman of the President," etc. The press continues to lend itself to propaganda; it continues to forget its historic and all-important function of being the unceasing critic of authority. No editor can claim to be really a devotee of liberty who wears such shackles, however voluntarily. Certainly he ought to be made to read and reread Miss Salmon's book, and particularly her chapter on the freedom of the press. For she is well within the truth in saying that if a press cannot earn its own freedom "it ultimately matters little what are its relations to external authority."

Miss Salmon is so profoundly impressed with the evils of the press that she believes no panacea can ever be found for them any more than cure-alls can be found for the evils in church, state, education, and every other institution of society. Yet she feels that the press as a whole may yet rise above its weaknesses and "wrest victory from defeat." She is, moreover, quite of the opinion that it is no more possible to indict an entire press than it is to indict a whole nation. This opinion is shared by Professor Crawford, of the department of journalism in the Kansas State Agricultural College, where animal husbandry and real journalistic wisdom go hand in hand. All in all his little volume is the most compact statement of the problems and difficulties of the press of today we have yet seen. He has made every effort to judge and portray the situation from a high ethical standard; his judgments are also lenient and quite charitable. While Mr. Crawford is convinced—as we are not—that "the newspapers are now serving the public interest better than they served it twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years ago," he admits that that service has not developed as the public demand for it and the public conscience have developed.

Mr. Crawford thinks that our newspapermen do hold, theoretically at least, to the belief that their prime duty is the dissemination of objective facts; but he recognizes that the public does not share his faith. He feels, too, that the press is gradually freeing itself from advertising control, and he is just in pointing out that the radical or dissenting press has many of the faults it criticizes in the capitalistic papers. We do not mean to convey the impression that Mr. Crawford is a thick-and-thin apologist for the press. Far from it. He often speaks fearlessly and critically, as when he refers to the "utter dishonesty of misrepresenting the news by giving it a specific bias." He well realizes that the modern "newspaper-maker" is often too dull to appreciate his paper's shortcomings and too easily influenced not to be profoundly affected by the herd mind about him, which mind he is supposed to mold and lead. He does not hesitate to say that the facts which our press usually omits "are not commonly details of crime and vice, interest in which might be criticized as morbid, but facts of political, economic, and social significance." Such frank statements abound in his book and add greatly to its value. Particularly worth while is his discussion of the press's invasion of privacy, in which field it is certainly not—as President Coolidge would have it—the best press, but the worst.

Much light is thrown upon the descent of the press to its present state by the reminiscences of Edward P. Mitchell, long chief editorial writer and later editor of the New York *Sun*, and Milton A. McRae, one of the heads of the Scripps-McRae newspaper group, and by Don C. Seitz's brilliant and successful study of that extraordinary figure in American journalism, Joseph Pulitzer. Mr. McRae's reminiscences are, frankly, disappointing. The Scripps-McRae, now the Scripps-Howard, newspapers compose the most liberal, progressive, and generally honest group we now possess—witness the courage with which its Indianapolis member has attacked the Ku Klux Klan, much to its own hurt. But Mr. McRae's random, repetitious, and loose-jointed reminiscences—how much he needed the services of one of his former editors!—in no way explain the success of himself and his associates. There are illuminating incidents among them; bits of characterization of men and happenings. But in the main the volume only increases our thankfulness for the Scripps papers and our wonder as to just why they happen to be as good, as liberal, and as progressive as they are.

Mr. Seitz writes with delightful frankness of his former chief, hiding nothing and revealing weaknesses and fine qualities alike. Mr. Pulitzer's evolution from what was considered mere gutter journalism to the position of director of one of the two great liberal dailies of America is clearly traced. One who knows only the *World* of today cannot possibly appreciate the utter disgust with which Mr. Pulitzer's entrance into New York journalism was received. He was long beyond the pale, professionally and socially; yet today the verdict must be that America is deeply in debt to him for his political services, for the courage and integrity and high-minded Americanism with which he long defended and preached the democratic ideal. Sometimes we feel that Mr. Pulitzer would be overcome with disappointment in the *World* of today; he could comfort himself, were he to return, with the thought that it is the only liberal paper left in the metropolis. Its recent signs of financial weakness send cold chills down one's spine, for there is always Frank A. Munsey in the offing, and New York without the *World* would not be New York.

But the past of that great daily, for all its sins and its lapses of taste and manners, is secure; and the story of the man who made it what it is will remain one of the most romantic in the history of journalism. Mr. Seitz's book ought certainly to be read by those who have put up the bars against immigration. How many Joseph Pulitzers are we not excluding today, with their priceless gifts of fealty and overwhelming devotion to the American ideal? Particularly has this country needed Joseph Pulitzer during its steady lurch into militarism since the World War; his hatred of jingoism and imperialism, his fearless combating of unscrupulous capital and its leaders are nowhere equaled today. Mr. Pulitzer's achievements in these matters are worth far more to the country than his founding of the first school of journalism, for all that it and its progeny may have accomplished.

If Mr. Mitchell's reminiscences do not add much to our knowledge of Charles A. Dana's personality, they do enlighten us as to the inner habits and customs of the *Sun* under Dana's leadership. During this time it was beyond question the most brilliantly edited and written daily the country had ever seen. But it was destitute of principle, and its cynicism has naturally left no deep impress upon political thought, to which it rarely made a constructive suggestion. Mr. Mitchell's reminiscences were well worth writing; his pictures of the men of all grades and kinds who passed under his observation and walked through the office of the *Sun* are skilful and entertaining. For all their numbers, however, one gets the impression that the windows of the historic *Sun* office looked out upon but a small bit of America and the world. Certainly Mr. Mitchell's book ought to be read with Mr. Seitz's; together they give a remarkably interesting picture of modern New York journalism with its lights and shadows and its amazing contrasts of opinion and method, as well as of political philosophy. They are both books certain of permanent place in the libraries of journalism.

It remains to touch upon three technical books. Dr. Soltes has given us, in a work of rather statistical analysis, a useful but not a final study of the Yiddish press as an Americanizing force. The sudden rise of that press and the extraordinary success of our sole non-profit-making daily, the *Forward*, have not yet been adequately described. When a thoroughgoing criti-

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cal study is made Dr. Soltes's volume will be a useful source. Professor Maulsby, of the University of Iowa, contributes a textbook on the collection of news which is certainly detailed and comprehensive enough. We confess to an innate skepticism as to the necessity of much of what is considered necessary for training the future cub reporter; our belief is that the technique of journalism is easily mastered and that the best journalists are those who combine something to say with the broadest possible education and experience. But if it is necessary to teach the aspiring journalist such kindergarten facts as that "a considerable number of newspapers are sold to city dwellers at noon when they go to lunch, but getting lunch is almost as much of a dash against time as are coming to work and going home"; "the newspaper is read by the educated and uneducated; by bootleggers and prohibitionists"; "the size of page chosen by a newspaper is likely to be determined by the sort of press the newspaper has or by how the newspaper can best buy newsprint," then Professor Maulsby's book fills the bill. He takes his little Rollos gently and kindly by the hand.

This is bad enough; but we shall be for a law for the suppression of all schools of journalism if more books like Professor Drewry's discussion of magazines and their editors come out of them. He belongs to the University of Georgia's school and he has produced pure trash of no value to anybody. An intending student of journalism who could not turn out a more worth-while book ought to be debarred from further instruction.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Humor Dead or Alive

Illiterate Digest. By Will Rogers. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.
Selected Works. Artemus Ward. With an introduction by Albert J. Nock. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

STUDENTS of the human race observe with interest the behavior of Americans in the presence of what is called "wit and humor" by the literary anthologists. We do not merely like humor; we look upon it with awe and respect. Reverence is mingled with our admiration. Most of us had rather be funny than rich. To meet a great professional humorist and shake his hand is an event to remember for one's grandchildren. I have known men who have been presented to Ring Lardner. I have never had that honor myself, but one time I met Sidney Smith, creator of "The Gumps," in the lobby of a hotel in South Bend, Indiana.

In highly flavored civilizations like our own—full of meat and bread, and perfumes and silk stockings—appetite and personality gradually melt together, one into the other, and finally become the same thing. That is what has happened to our American nation, though the American nation is unaware of it. Now, on the borders of the epoch appear a few jolly matadors who circle around the gorged bull and plant their darts into his hide. A personality composed entirely of appetites provokes a sort of ambient cynical humor—and the American humor of today is of that kind.

Will Rogers is one of the circling matadors. Superficially he is part of a girl-show called the Ziegfeld Follies, but at bottom he is a humorous philosopher, a cowboy Montaigne and all-around sly bird. In other words, he is a great deal deeper and more subtle than he seems to be at first glance.

Mr. Ziegfeld, who conducts the theatrical enterprise in which Mr. Rogers appears, is a shrewd citizen himself. It is no exaggeration to assert that he knows almost as much about the American mind as the organizers of the Ku Klux Klan. He knows very well that sojourners from Wichita and Portland cannot go back home and tell the wife that all they saw in Mr. Ziegfeld's famous show was a lot of pretty girls wearing nothing but sheets of tissue paper.

From that condition flows the advent of Mr. Will Rogers. He can be discussed in Christian Endeavor circles. A genuine ranch hand, as homely as Abraham Lincoln, he fills the hiatus between the Cascade of Beauty and the Sultan's Jewel Bag, and gives a touch of virility to a performance which would otherwise be lamentably Parisian and repugnant to our sturdy pioneer virtues.

Mr. Rogers's medium is the monologue, which is to the drama what the essay is to literature. His droll comments on men and events have become so popular that he finds himself—probably to his surprise—a theatrical star and a national figure.

It is just as well for Mr. Rogers that his caustic observations are wrapped in humor. If they were delivered without the funny tags his audiences would set the dogs on him. But he has learned, as some of the rest of us have, that you can throw any kind of indurated brick in America if you cover it with confetti. And the man against whose head it cracks is bound to laugh, too, though his mirth may be sometimes a little strained. Reverence for humor, like love, conquers all.

If you have not seen and heard Will Rogers, by all means read his book. If you have seen him, there will be even more enjoyment for you in "Illiterate Digest," for then you will have a mental image of his drolleries of manner. This book is a satirical and humorous discussion of the topics of the day. Under its homely and naive crust there is nitric acid. Mr. Rogers never forgets that he is a licensed fool at the court of Prosperity, and he takes all the liberties which are allowed a king's jester.

His wit is pedestrian, but nimble. He has no wings, and he does not need them. He is a jolly and sharp-eyed rotary-club member turned into a cynical philosopher.

In looking over the "Selected Works of Artemus Ward" I find myself wondering at the evanescence of humor, for the sayings and pleasantries of this funny man of sixty years ago are as dead as a dried herring. The book is rather melancholy reading. In perusing it I felt as if I were treading gingerly along the moss-grown paths in a cemetery of the human spirit. The extracts have been carefully selected, and there is a pale phosphorescent glow about some of them. Nevertheless, the reader cannot forget for a moment that he is standing among the sheeted dead.

Mr. Ward lived in a time when women were called "females" and it was considered funny to misspell words. It was an era when millions of people who had suddenly become well-to-do were beginning to feel a vast cultural and intellectual inferiority. The prevailing custom of the day was to poke fun at refinement, culture, and the graceful arts, on the well-known psychological principle that the inferior instinctively strives to give his inferiority a sort of spiritual domination. Artemus Ward fitted in admirably with this impulse, and perhaps his popularity with our grandfathers was due chiefly to that. He makes fun of dress suits, poetry, feminine adornments, and polite attainments generally.

I suppose that the resurrection of this faded joker means nothing more than a gesture of adoration for anything that bears the name of humor.

W. E. WOODWARD

Beyond Politics

The Passing of Politics. By William Kay Wallace. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

MR. WALLACE has chosen an opportune time for the launching of his thesis. The national state and its governing methods have everywhere fallen into disrepute as having visibly failed in their prime function of preserving life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. A more lamentable display of incompetence in the relation of states toward one another than the Great War has exhibited is not easy to conceive, while within each national area politics has everywhere become a byword of incompetence and unreality. For Mr. Wallace this is no passing phase of slow adjustment to new conditions, but a definite decay of political institutions no longer fitted to perform any good or useful service in the modern world.

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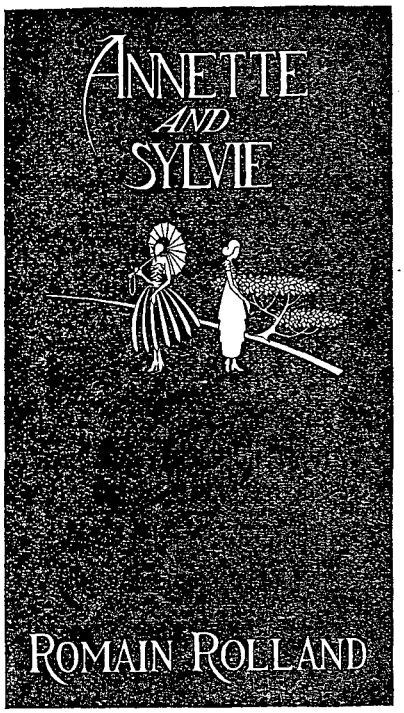
In chapters of keen historical and philosophical scrutiny into the movement of affairs since the foundation of the nation-state four centuries ago the writer traces the taking over of the sanctities of sovereignty from an obsolete theocracy and the broadening and deepening of this will-control, as sovereignty became vested first in the aristocracy and then in the middle classes, then nominally, though not really, by an extension of the franchise to the masses. He then discloses the growing inability of representative government with its crude inexpert technique to confront the national and world situations which present themselves more and more in economic terms with which the politician is unfamiliar. Here we approach the central position of Mr. Wallace, that human affairs, from the standpoint of social organization, are essentially physical and economic, and that for their arrangement science and economic technique must be the dominant methods. The state he holds to be incapable of adaptation to such work, which is neither coterminous with the state in its internal or its external functions nor is the latter possessed of the required knowledge and experience. Everywhere the applied sciences have been transforming not only the physical technique of industry but its human organization, and this work and the important problems it continually raises are more and more outside the grasp of politics—and the clumsy hand of the state. Modern capitalism has in its structure no organic relation to the state, though its associations of capital or of labor often use and abuse the state for their private ends. The large recent advances in the international organization of industry, finance, and commerce were naturally evolving not toward the struggle for World Empire in a political sense, as statesmen in Germany, Britain, France, and elsewhere so disastrously supposed, but toward "a great industrial union of the peoples"—a depersonalized economic internationalism from which class war tended to drop away, as economic technique, governed by scientific considerations, displaced the earlier greedy will-to-power of economic masters. For Mr. Wallace's psychology has no place for will, divine, political, or individual, in the determination of the activities in which human life expresses itself.

> Now in turn the scientific concepts formulated in the theory of evolution, in non-Euclidian geometry, and in the elaboration of pure mathematics and qualitative physics culminating in the theory of relativity, required a new formula as well as a new form of social organization which we term economic, to denote thereby that "the will" can have no share therein.

We are frankly presented with a new materialism (merging mind in matter) and a determinism essentially economic. The current tendency of working-class movements to concern themselves with politics he regards as a dangerous delusion. Capital and labor are between them everywhere engaged in crushing out the middle classes who have been the upholders, as also the inventors, of the nation-state with its now obsolete political technique. Society we are shown sloughing its political skin to reappear in a more serviceable economic integument. But Mr. Wallace, precise in his analysis of the historical evolution and role of the state and its policies, gives us no account of the new forms of social organization when politics shall have passed. They would seem to take shape in some voluntary guild socialism on a world scale with harmonious relations between capital and labor and a voluntary acceptance of expert management. But Mr. Wallace says nothing to warrant this general account. His style of writing, brilliant in places, is sometimes perplexing, and his philosophy leaves several doubts. His expulsion of everything amounting to "will," for instance! Can we get on without some equivalent central urge? "Technique is the method of making use of facts so classified in the most economical fashion." But making use of them for what? Again, granting that the state is destitute of aptitude for handling expert problems of economic life, what of that generalized economic being the consumer? What expert will look after him? Again, why should it be assumed that the economic



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sphere is the only important sphere, or that, with a more scientific social economy, it will not shrink in relative importance as compared with non-economic spheres of human activity? Finally, is there reason to suppose that a network of special economic organizations intra- or extra-national can or will operate peacefully and successfully without some central federal instrument which will bring back some new form of representative government? If Mr. Wallace could have seen fit to throw some light upon these dark places, his quite fascinating argument would have carried fuller conviction to his readers.

J. A. HOBSON

New Russia or Old?

The Clock. By Aleksei Remizov. Authorized translation by John Cournos. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Tales of the Wilderness. By Boris Pilniak. Translated by F. O'Demsey with an introduction by Prince D. S. Mirsky. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

PRINCE MIRSKY begins his introduction to "Tales of the Wilderness" with the statement that the English reading public knows next to nothing of contemporary Russian literature and then, as he proceeds to discuss the prose writers since Chekhov, comes very near to saying that they are not worth knowing. Dismissing Merezhkovsky, Andreev, and Artsybashev as "second- and third-rate writers," he proposes Remizov and Pilniak as representatives of the best which contemporary Russia has to offer; but of them and their school he says that they have little except a self-conscious and fastidious style to distinguish them. Both from this introduction and from the tales themselves we learn that they are devoted to meticulous, rather pointless studies of the mean and grotesque aspects of contemporary life and that, lacking the social ideas of their great predecessors, they have created a sort of inverted æstheticism which toys with ugliness without exactly knowing why it does so. A certain gift for clear-cut description they certainly have, but their stories are singularly barren of either intellectual or emotional content.

Politically, perhaps, Russia has taken on a new life; but literature is a slower growth than government and artistically she is still (if we may judge from these two writers) hesitating between the dead world and the world which is still powerless to be born. No new impulse, social, intellectual, or artistic, is descernible in these translations, and the old ones seem exhausted. The belief in the people which sustained some of Russia's great writers seems to have vanished before the time came for that faith to translate itself into energy, and Pilniak pictures both the defeated aristocracy and the triumphant proletariat as blundering futilely from one despair to another without having the energy even to suffer. Unsympathetic observers have accused the Russian of loving despair because it relieves him of the necessity of effort, and without taking so unfavorable a view one may at least suggest that Pilniak is too tired to hope. He seems when confronted with the triumph of the revolution to have said merely: "Oh well, you cannot expect anything from the people either," and then to have sunk back into that conviction of the complete futility of all things which seems to give a sort of peace to those long accustomed to it. Utter lassitude grips his people, whether they be noblemen or peasants; their passions are tired and even their hatreds are languid. They revile one another and they curse at fate, but they do neither with enthusiasm; for all seem to feel that to admit that everything, including themselves, is as bad as possible is the easiest way out for everyone. To hope would be to struggle, even to wish would be to cry out against things as they are; but cries require effort.

"Remizov," says Mr. Cournos, "differs from the author of 'Crime and Punishment' chiefly in that he is more conscious of his style"—a statement which would seem to imply that he is a greater Dostoevski. In reality he lacks almost completely

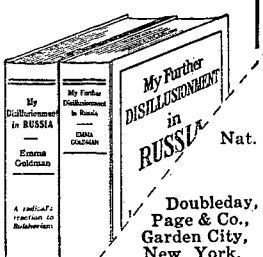
Emma Goldman says:

"I must raise my voice against the crimes committed in the name of Revolution."

For two years Emma Goldman fought against disillusionment. She had gone to Russia wanting to believe in the Soviet government, but from the moment she set foot on Russian soil until the time of her departure, the bitter, eye-witnessed facts assailed her.

She found speech, the press, the theatres and even the libraries rigidly censored. She found the schools closed. She saw prisons filled, children starved, factories deserted and scenes which in barbarity paralleled the horrors of the French Revolution. On one occasion she witnessed motor trucks loaded with doomed prisoners lying face downwards and guarded by soldiers, and then saw these trucks "dripping blood . . . leaving a crimson streak on the pavement."

But that which broke the last thread which held Emma Goldman to the revolution was the horrible slaughter at the sailors' strike in Kronstadt. From that terror she returned to Paris to write, "for friend or foe," the mightiest and most honest indictment of Leninism that we have. Her remarkable story has just been published in two volumes, MY DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA and MY FURTHER DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA, which may be had at all bookstores for $3.50 for the set, or by filling out and mailing the attached coupon, directly from the publishers. When the final truth is told about Russia, Emma Goldman's eye-witness testimonies given in these books will play a huge part in the evidence.



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the thing which makes the writer with whom he is so casually compared great; namely, his passion. However bad Dostoevski may have thought the world to be, he never ceased to resent with all his fierce soul the fact that it was not different. His despair was rung from him by the bitter results of his heroic efforts, but Remizov takes as a matter of course all that Dostoevski protests against, and he wrings no emotion from his tale because he is so far beyond struggle. At the beginning of his story his misshapen hero asked himself: "In general what was the use of life?" and the question is reiterated again and again. Innumerable other Russian authors have asked the same question, and it may very properly be the end of a great work. But it is not a good beginning, because if life is really without value then the only possible interest which it can offer is the discovery of this fact. To start with it as an assumption is to destroy art along with life. Nearly all the stories of both the authors under discussion are emotionally static because the conflict is over before they commence, and the tragedy is not described because it is taken for granted. They are interesting as evidence of the state of mind to which the authors have descended, but they are strangely unmoving because nothing ever hangs in the balance. The characters have already lost all there is to lose, and the authors have descended to the lowest pit to which it is possible to descend.

The intense preoccupation with untranslatable niceties of language which is spoken of in the case of both as the distinguishing mark of their effort is probably here, as so often, a sign of their barrenness of thought or feeling. They obviously find themselves at the close of a period, and having heard all they have to say already said they can do nothing except occupy themselves with ways of saying it. A writer must go up hill or down; he must be moving toward faith or toward disillusion, he must have an enthusiasm for either creation or destruction; and these writers have neither. Russian literature has rushed through its mad course from despair to despair, and it has reached the bottom. Tolstoi and Dostoevski discovered through passion and suffering that the social system under which they lived was hopeless; Andreev and Artsybashev discovered through passion and suffering that all existence was hopeless; no further descent is possible and one must rise or stagnate. Before Russia lies, perhaps, a new hope and after that a new despair, but it must begin again to believe, however mistakenly, in something—whether it be Bolshevism or religion or romantic love or what not—before it can disillusion itself again. In the history of literature the optimist gathers illusions which the pessimist then spends, and both processes are interesting. At present Russia is, if one may judge by these two writers, bankrupt. She has spent all she has to spend.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Weyhe's "Ornament" was printed in Germany by a mechanical process so highly perfected that the color plates actually give the texture, almost the feel, of gold dragons embroidered on Chinese silk; red, blue, and green peasant patterns worked on linen; the dark blue and brown stains of Javanese batik; the soft curves and high polish on hardwood carvings from Africa. A designer using such a book must make his own adaptations, but he is as close as is humanly possible to the original. He will, if he has a scrap of the artist in him, get a direct thrill from the primitive pattern itself—from some remote craftsman's triumphant effort to adorn and beautify the material under his hand.

The emphasis of the book is on the primitive. The older authorities clung close to time-honored patterns from the decadence of Egypt and Greece, the High Renaissance, the Rococo, the Baroque. Weyhe's volume brings us concrete examples of faraway times and countries—a bit of gold ornament with blue inlay from Greece, 1750-1550 B. C., strange little horse-like beasts woven in white on the brown loin cloth of some native of the Malay Archipelago; sky-blue and rose beadwork on the mocassins of a Cheyenne Indian; primitive work done in huts and on sunny beaches, in igloos and in jungles, on articles for worship and on articles for personal adornment; work done with loving care and unhurriedly by unworldly men who had deep within themselves the instinct to bring order and beauty out of the chaos of material around them—wood, stone, clay, linen, and wool. Designers and artists will find the book an inspiration. Anyone sensitive to the order and beauty that others create will find it a joy. E. BUCKNER KIRK

The Renaissance

The Golden Flower. By Arthur, Count Gobineau. Translated with an Introduction by Ben Ray Redman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE five essays that make up "The Golden Flower" were written as prefaces to the five acts of Count Gobineau's great prose drama, "The Renaissance." When the latter book appeared in 1877 these prefaces were suppressed, and they remained unpublished among the author's papers until 1918, when they were printed in Germany. In 1923 they were reprinted in France by M. Daniel Halévy in "Les Cahiers Verts," under the title that Count Gobineau had given them, "La Fleur d'Or." Neither the French nor the English editor professes to account for the suppression. Mr. Redman thinks that the publisher may have been responsible, his motive being to reduce the size of the book. M. Halévy suggests that possibly the author "was reluctant to associate with his philosophy of history, favorable as it was to the Germanic races, a work that exalts the art and culture of the Latins." But this objection to the prefaces applies with even more force to the drama itself. M. Halévy makes another suggestion that seems to us more probable. "Perhaps," he says, "the same influence that had inclined his taste toward Italy induced him not to overload his work, but to leave its dramatic character unspoiled."

If this was his motive, we think he was well advised. These pages, interesting as they are, add little to the intelligibility and nothing to the vitality of those in which Roderigo and Caesar and Lucretia Borgia, Machiavelli and Savonarola and Michelangelo move and speak, plot and philosophize before us. Printed by themselves, apart from the scenes that they were written to illustrate, they lose much of their point. The essay entitled Savonarola, for example, the longest and most important in the book, introduces Savonarola himself only in the last two pages; the essay entitled Michelangelo does not introduce Michelangelo at all. The other three, on Caesar Borgia, Julius II, and Leo X, deal more directly with their respective subjects, though even they are curiously inconclusive without the scenes that were meant to follow them. If, however, the publication of this book should raise up a new generation of readers for

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"The Renaissance," an excellent version of which appeared in 1913, the translator would deserve well of his public.

The Savonarola essay is the most important of the five because it sets forth the theory that underlies the whole drama. It is briefly this: that the human spirit has its times of flowering—the Periclean Age, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the religious and artistic revival of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the revival of Pagan art and learning in the fifteenth. Between these moments humanity seems to be a dead stalk, destined never to put forth another flower, but, in truth, each moment as it dies, leaves behind it the seed of the next, which slowly and secretly matures, blossoms, and in its turn decays. And this periodical florescence is due not to any conscious effort of humanity, but to the mere renewal of fecundity produced by the blood of a new race. So the Romans succeeded the Greeks, and so the Germans succeeded the Romans. Count Gobineau chose the latest of these moments as the period of his drama, which begins in the Florence of Savonarola, reaches its climax in the Rome of Julius II, and moves rapidly toward its catastrophe under Leo X and his successors, leaving Michelangelo, who has figured in every act of the tragedy, to speak the epilogue: "We are bequeathing a great legacy. . . . What is to disappear will not disappear altogether. . . . Who knows what will come again?"

Mr. Redman very properly remarks that such a philosophy of history seems to be inconsistent with the famous theory enunciated in the "Essai sur l'Inégalite des Races Humaines" published in 1853-55. This theory held that the growth and decay of civilization is entirely a racial matter and that only one race, the Aryan, has shown itself capable of producing a civilization properly so called. But Aryan blood has been so weakened and polluted by intermixture with the blood of inferior races that nothing now remains for the civilization of which it was the life but slow decay and final extinction. Such a theory, Mr. Redman points out, became untenable in the growing light of the evolutionary hypothesis. Hence Count Gobineau's modification, or, as Mr. Redman thinks, recantation of it in "The Renaissance" and "The Golden Flower."

We regret to say that the style of the translation leaves much to be desired. It is clumsy, un-English, and all but unintelligible in places, and it now and then fails to render accurately the meaning of the original.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

Books in Brief

The Spanish Farm. By R. H. Mottram. With a preface by John Galsworthy. The Dial Press. $2.50.

Unlike nearly all other war novels this one is written by a man who has obviously drawn aloof from the emotional distortion occasioned by the conflict and allowed himself a period of years in which to settle back into spiritual perspective. Its excellence is bred chiefly of its delightful quality of utterly convincing reasonableness. When the war comes to Madeleine Vanderlynden and to the farm which has been the home of her family for generation upon generation she does not interpret it as an adventure, as a drama upon which to expend one's entire emotional strength. To her stubborn and practical mind the disturbance of guns and noise and slaughter is after all simply an interval, an annoyance. For so many years her life has seemed predictable and calmly ordered that she cannot set aside the decades that will surely come after the war has gone. There is, of course, a certain amount of the confusion inescapable in an existence close behind the lines. Yet it is a superficial impermanence: it is never once a confusion of mind. Throughout the inevitable shifting back and forth she never once loses her deep, firm-rooted interest in the land which is hers by right of centuries. And when the armistice is signed Madeleine plunges immediately into the work of caring for her fields and repairing her shattered buildings, taking up the old and familiar reins which she has never really laid down.

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The Quaint Companions. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.90.

Every volume in the "uniform and definitive" edition of Mr. Merrick comes with a preface of applause signed and delivered by a celebrity. Sometimes it is necessary; but occasionally one thinks that Mr. Merrick's kites would fly better without such important tails. Mr. Wells affirms that "The Quaint Companions" is "perhaps the most sympathetic and understanding novel, in its intimate everyday way, about the clash of color and race prejudice and racial quality that has ever been written in English." Mr. Wells has seized upon the sensational rather than the fundamental aspect of the story, however. This novel's significance lies far more in its sympathetic approach to a consideration of the artist temperament than in the fact that blacks marry whites. The racial antagonism is treated obviously and externally; it is in his study of the temperamental clash between artist and non-artist that the author discloses real grasp and insight. This is Mr. Merrick's favorite theme; he is always at his best with it.

Flame and Dust. By Vincent Starrett. Pascal Covici.

This verse is neither moving nor majestic nor lyrical, yet it deserves warm praise for its vigor and its lack of sentimentality. The songs and sonnets with a delicately humorous twist, of which Taxicab is an example, are ingeniously wrought.

Apples Here in My Basket. By Helen Hoyt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

These poems are honest, simple, natural. But their simplicity is too often jejune and plain; their naturalness sometimes does violence to their form; and their very honesty—the honest experiences, for the main part, of a woman's love—kills, through reaffirmation, variety.

Slants. By Clifford Gessler. Honolulu: Star-Bulletin Press.

There is present here an imbedded cynicism, a desire to recreate, through the lens of irony, the languor and brightness and music of the South Seas. Hence what we finally get is a young poet's approach to a tropically full existence, to love with all its South Sea trappings, with its laughter, ironical and otherwise.

Chaliapin's Basilio

By PITTS SANBORN

VERDI, writing in the third year before his death to Camille Bellaigue, who had just sent the venerable Italian his "Musiciens," declares: "I confess that I cannot help believing that 'The Barber of Seville' through abundance of real musical ideas, through comic verve, and through truth of declamation is the finest *opera buffa* that exists." One wonders what Verdi might have added of Feodor Chaliapin as the Don Basilio of this "finest *opera buffa*."

Now, New York must go back seventeen years for its memory of the Chaliapin Basilio, though Chicago and other Western cities came to know it a season ago. The Metropolitan promised its customers a renewal of acquaintance after their Thanksgiving turkey and mince pie, but some upset happened and it was Mr. Didur who, as often in the past, impersonated the old sly dog. Once more Mr. Chaliapin is off to the West, but we still have the hope of his Basilio as a Metropolitan rite of spring. Meantime, the fact of a postponement alters in no wise our argument.

Mr. Chaliapin takes Basilio, the intriguing priest and music master, and makes of him something that neither Beaumarchais nor Rossini could, in their wildest dreams, have guessed. This Basilio shoots up to a Brobdingnagian height, and the breadth of his Rabelaisian humors has no bound. The Calumny Song, philosophic, insinuating, at its summit tragic, is transmogrified

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into a tornado of burlesque. But there is no denying that the thing is tremendous. Call Mr. Chaliapin's performance a profanation, if you like, brand its details as scandalous; but dismiss it you cannot. When he first perpetrated his Basilio in New York the voice of criticism rose against it in horrified anger. Convulsed audiences, however, all but rolled over and over in paroxysms of glee through the august aisles of the Metropolitan Opera House. You may rage and you may deplore, but you can no more curb the ocean's way than could Dame Partington or King Canute.

Verdi's comment on this Gargantuan festivity could not but be worth reading—Verdi, an intellect and a master of the written word. And Rossini, the mordant, the ironic, the caustic—what would Rossini have said confronted with this astonishing foray into his proper creation?

There is a credible story of a visit paid him in Paris by Adelina Patti when Rossini was old and Patti very young. In compliment to the Maestro the soprano sang "Una voce poco fa," but it was buried under embellishments that the piece had acquired since Rossini wrote his "Barber" nearly half a century before. The Maestro complimented the young singer warmly on her extraordinary voice and powers of execution. And then, in his indolent way, he asked: "And pray, mademoiselle, what may be the *morceau* you were kind enough to sing for me?"

An even better authenticated anecdote has Rossini present at a less than mediocre performance of one of his numerous operas. A dilettante entering the Maestro's box asked him what he thought of the donkeys of singers on the stage.

"Pardon me," replied the Maestro, "whose opera are they performing?"

"What, don't you recognize one of your own operas?"

"No, on my word of honor, and it's so true that I felt a damnable desire to hiss both the opera and the singers."

Nor was Rossini, ironist in life as in his music, a hypersensitive fellow—Rossini, who went home after the first performance of his "Barber" believing that imperishable masterwork a failure.

But whatever Rossini, Verdi, or the embattled penmen of New York might say in disapproval of the amazing liberties of the Chaliapin Basilio, it is a fact that liberties taken with a play or an opera are often not a desecration but a revelation; otherwise the world would soon have found itself restricted to one Hamlet, one Isolde, settled for good and all, immutable. Mr. Chaliapin as an artist is in more senses than one *hors concours*. You may admit his Basilio because of the overpowering theatric genius of the man, and at the same time rule out the lamentable copies by the little folk of opera who think forsooth that they must carry a red or a green umbrella for no other reason than that he does, and substitute their impertinent fingers for the humbler uses of cambric or linen. Rossini's genius is robust enough to stand the strain of a genius like Chaliapin, but it curls away in a withering and patrician scorn before the vulgar clowning of the petty imitators.

The practical trouble with the Chaliapin Basilio is the difficulty of fitting it with collaborators. The Rosina to this Basilio years ago was Mme Sembrich, whose method, for all its sparkling gaiety and abounding humor, was the very essence of high comedy. They mixed like fuel oil and vintage burgundy! A Brobdingnagian Basilio is no fellow for a Dresden china cast. But whence the singing Brobdingnagians to keep company with Chaliapin?

First of all I would sweep away the whole soprano overwriting of the part, traditional now for nearly a century, and go back to first principles—that is, to the contralto Rosina that Rossini wrote. And the one contralto extant who would make Rosina quite a match for the illimitable madness of the Chaliapin Basilio and at the same time keep her the great lady that Beaumarchais and Rossini drew is, of course, Marguerite d'Alvarez.

For a Figaro endowed with like vitality and quantity of being none but Titta Ruffo would suffice. Away the cackling buffos of our little day! We will have a real Dr. Bartolo for this festivity. It might be necessary to bring Charles Gilibert like Alcestis from the grave to fill the Rabelaisian recipe with a huge art compact of endless nuance and finesse, unless Paul Bender should master the Italian language and make that draft on Charon's generosity needless. Anyone who has seen and heard Mr. Bender in the "Entführung" of Mozart knows what the giant German basso can achieve in unctuous fun and florid song. For Count Almaviva—I am afraid Caruso is the only one, and he, too, lodges beyond Charon's ferry. But there is a cast!

If not that, then let the game be played according to the strictest rubric. Let it be scintillant, droll, sarcastic, 'cute, but as relentlessly high-bred as Rossini conceived it. Even the lesson scene must tolerate no falling off—for the interpolated pieces, a fine air by Handel or by Mozart, a culling of the best from somewhere in the treasure house of Rossini's many other operas, perhaps a Watteauesque *bergerette* or so of France. Mind you, no less! And whence the singing comedians for this "Barber" *in excelsis?*—a Patti, if now we accept the soprano revision; if not, Maria Malibran or her sister Pauline Viardot; for Almaviva, only the glamor of a Mario or a Capoul will do; for Figaro, of course Victor Maurel. . . . But this is nothing but depopulating heaven, and that in turn is arch profanity! Luckily for us "The Barber" enjoys something very like immortality on earth and continues cheerfully to survive one ill-assorted or otherwise incompetent casting after another.

Drama

Words, Words, Words

AN impressive amount of energy, enthusiasm, and talent has been lavished upon the production of "Beyond" (Provincetown Theater). Helen Gahagan and Walter Able, interpreting the two characters who are the complete dramatis personae, speak their lines with what seems to be a ringing conviction of their importance, and they play with a statuesque dignity which constitutes a perfect achievement of the abstract style for which the play seems to call. Moreover, the source from which they draw their inspiration seems to have supplied Robert Edmond Jones and Cleon Throckmorton with an incentive to put forth their best efforts for the mounting of the piece. Their settings, in many cases merely the skeleton outline of a window or a balcony, set against a background of star-sprinkled sky, are both beautiful in themselves and in perfect accord with the mood produced by the actors. They, too, are graceful abstractions which suggest a world purged of all but essentials and standing upon the edge of the physical universe.

But if the source of all this enthusiasm lies in the text of the play, then it must hide mysteries which this reviewer, at least, was unable to penetrate; for in spite of a genuine eagerness to discover in it a meaning or an emotional significance he could perceive only a wild farrago of incoherent mysticism, suggestive more of the commonplace book of a provincial new-thoughter than the orderly statement of the most imaginative philosopher. There are visible, it is true, the faint outlines of a story but they are lost in interminable and inconclusive dialogues about life and death which are punctuated by passionate invocations to invisible spirits and by various sayings, incomprehensibly orphic, like: "I have guessed the riddle of life and I am the answer"; or "Love and murder are one." The latter do, indeed, sometimes seem as though they might mean something in the proper context; but (so far as we could perceive) the context was always missing.

The story tells of a young spiritualist who is compelled to fight a losing battle with a dead man for the love of the latter's wife, and there is no reason why such a story should not be made the subject of an eerie tale, almost as interesting to those who

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had no faith in any particular brand of spiritualism as to those who accepted as literal fact the premises upon which it was based. But it is obvious that Walter Hasenclever, the author, has wanted to win from his audience a good deal more than mere poetic faith. He is, according to the Provincetown playbill, an avowed Buddhist who is trying "to show the continuity of human existence" by "bridging the gap between life and death," and he has used very sparingly the means by which his play might have been turned into a poetic sort of ghost story; he by no means wanted it to be that. There are occasional concrete touches and at them the interest leaps up; but in general he has, by making his play little more than a philosophical dialogue, deliberately forbidden us to seek any but an intellectual comprehension of it. He has then committed the capital offense of not being clear. The spectator, realizing that the story itself is almost without movement, soon concentrates his attention upon the intellectual background; but before long he discovers that any sort of sequence is as difficult to find in the thought as it is in the outward events. What we are given is something too abstract to be drama, too inconsistent to be philosophy, and too vague to be even a creed. Whatever in the production is of interest is due to the arts of acting and of stage-setting; from the play we get nothing except a reminder that once in "The Verge" Miss Susan Glaspell showed how a subject equally intangible could be made into real drama.

At the Eltinge Theater Mr. Lionel Barrymore is appearing with Miss Irene Fenwick in "The Piker." We do not remember ever to have seen a play which was as bad as this one without being a good deal worse. When an author finds himself with a story which cannot be made by any legitimate means to engage the sympathies very deeply he usually employs some illegitimate ones, like that of endowing the characters with unsuspected and improbable virtues or that of indulging in sentimentalized morality which the audience is expected to approve of without necessarily believing in it. But the author of "The Piker" has confined himself to developing by legitimate means the possibilities of his not very promising material. The story tells of a second-rate thief who was ruined because he accidentally stole more than he was able to manage; it is a thoroughly coarse-grained tale without a single character or a single motive to lift it above a sordid and unimaginative realism. Yet the expected note of deliberate falsity never comes, and one ends by admiring an author who can be so consistently honest in the development of an unhappy play which has in it no touch of poetry to raise it to the level of tragedy. It was never, apparently, intended for a particularly intellectual audience, and yet it never stoops to the method of the popular playwright. Mr. Barrymore gives a convincing portrait of the second-rate villain.

Two elaborate operettas have been produced recently. "China Rose" (Martin Beck Theater) is extremely dull. "The Love Song" (Century Theater) has a score based upon the music of Offenbach. It is lavish, brightly tuneful (of course), and sometimes amusing.

Incidentally, the new German moving-picture somewhat too sensationally named "The Last Laugh" (Rivoli Theater) is a remarkable achievement. One does occasionally see fearfully elaborate, costly, and spectacular films which produce certain minor artistic effects at the cost of a hugely disproportionate effort, but we do not remember ever to have seen any picture which came so near to extracting the full possibilities of a simple situation through apparently simple means. It is never spectacular in intention nor fantastically new in method, but it was directed by someone with a fine feeling for the very quality which most movie directors lack—the sense of artistic economy. We can only wish that American producers would be suddenly deprived of the power to spend endless time and money and thus be brought face to face with the fundamental problem of art, the achievement of the maximum of effect with the greatest possible economy of effort.

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